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The Daily ILLUSTRATED Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

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It Will Pay
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THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

MISS JULIA NEILSON'S OTHER NAME IS "SUNDAY."



At the Comedy Theatre on Saturday the drama called "Sunday" will be produced for the first time in London, with Miss Julia Neilson in the title role as a girl of seventeen, and looks the part charmingly. Playgoers will remember that Miss Neilson was first discovered by Mr. W. S. Gilbert who, seeing her playing in amateur theatricals, remarked, "Miss Neilson you are a genius."

[Langford]

RUSH OUT OF TOWN.

Londoners Flock in Swarms to the Seaside.

SCENES AT THE STATIONS.

The weather prospects are bad and trade is not flourishing, but with what relief do the tired workers of the town prepare to fly to the country for the coming holiday. London—dull, wearisome London—seems to grow more depressing than ever at this time, and the very buildings of the City look as though they would be glad of a rest. All the happy folk who could fled from town yesterday. Neither rain, hail, nor snow could keep them at home. Cabs piled up with luggage were rushing about filled with gay bachelors, harassed parents, and expectant children. Porters at all the great termini had a busy and profitable time—a sort of preliminary canter for the greater exertions of to-day.

But to-day is the great day for the holiday-makers from the City. The governor of the firm may have gone yesterday afternoon or early this morning; the managers will probably go before lunch; the mass of toilers, the clerks and shopkeepers, wait about for the weary hours to pass, dawdle over lunch, and talk of where they are going—or not going—and impatiently watch the clocks creeping slowly towards the hour when they may dash away.

BEATING ALL RECORDS.

Never before have such preparations been made for London holiday-makers. Year by year the excursions grow more numerous and take people farther afield, and this year all previous records are being beaten. Cook's, the pioneers of the personally conducted tours, have arranged trips to Rome for eleven guineas; to Central Italy or the South of France for thirteen; to Venice and the Italian Lakes for thirteen; to Lucerne or up the Rhine for five.

With this and other Continental traffic Charing Cross Station will be one of the busiest spots in the world this afternoon. Yankees may be able to hustle, but they cannot approach the Londoner when he is off for a holiday. Special excursion trains will be leaving this station nearly every hour for the next three days.

CHEAP AND POPULAR.

Victoria will be equally busy. For those who have the inclination and sufficient ready-money, excursions are running to Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, and other gay places abroad. Those of humbler aims and means will be taking cheap trips to the ever-popular Brighton, or one of the many holiday resorts to be reached from here.

Over 200,000 passengers were carried by the Great Western Railway during the last Easter holidays, and the officials at Paddington say they are prepared for double that number this year. It were vain to attempt to name the thousand places to which these hundreds of thousands of people will be carried. They lie all over the West of England, Wales, Ireland, and the Midlands.

HOME-GOING NORTHERNERS.

For the thousands who will rush north the railway arrangements are, if anything, better than those made for the seekers of warmer weather. And the pleasing vagaries of our climate are such that they will be nearly as likely to see the sun as those who fly to the sunny South of England. The Great Central is running hundreds of excursions—many of them furnished with buffet cars for both first and third class passengers—to all places in the North of England, and many in Ireland. The Great Eastern, besides issuing an unusually comprehensive list of excursions to the Eastern Counties, announce that they are running special "supper expresses."

John Bull has been told to "wake up." Unkind folk have suggested he does not know how to hustle. But who can say so with the display of energy to be admired. Perhaps it may not be altogether good for business, but—pshaw! who cares for business at this time? Let us pack up our bags and look out a convenient train.

This Paper Will Not Be Published To-morrow (Good Friday).

LAND FIGHTING.

Japan Says Her Losses Were Small.

RUSSIAN EXAGGERATION.

From the Japanese Government the following official statement of the fighting near An-ju has been issued:—

"On the 28th instant a portion of our cavalry and infantry forces occupied Chong-ju, after defeating the enemy at Canton Street, Chong-ju.

"The enemy numbered about six hundred, and retreated in the direction of Wiju.

"Our casualties were Lieutenant Kano and four others killed, Captain Kurokawa and twelve others wounded. No casualties among the infantry.

"The dead bodies left by the enemy on the field were two, but it was reported that there were some seven or eight killed inside the town. These were promptly carried away by the enemy on horseback, or by ambulance, and the Russians were also seen conveying, by ambulance, two dead bodies, apparently of officers. Pieces of blood-stained bandages were found here and there.

"The enemy must have sustained losses at least equal to our own."

RUSSIAN VERSION.

From St. Petersburg it is stated, according to Reuter, that "in the fight at Chong-ju the Japanese numbered 2,000, and the six Cossack sotnias which attacked only counted 900 horsemen.

"The two forces were six hundred paces apart from each other.

"General Mishchenko was present, and states that the Japanese lost more than twenty-five killed, including several officers, and had fifty wounded. Two Russian officers have succumbed to their wounds."

General Kuropatkin has forwarded to the Tsar General Mishchenko's report on the fight, which states: "According to the narratives of inhabitants of Chong-ju, the Japanese, in the engagement of the 28th inst. near that town, lost over forty men killed.

"A hundred wounded were conveyed to An-ju," says Reuter, "five hundred Koreans being employed as bearers. The Japanese also lost heavily in horses.

"Staff-Captain Stepanoff, who was wounded at Chong-ju, died this morning."

Subsequently, it is stated, the Japanese advanced towards Kwan-sau, the Russian troops retiring before them.

When General Kuropatkin's telegram reporting the land fight in Korea was posted up in the Niewsky Prospect (says Reuter) a great sensation was caused among the crowds in the streets, and the names of the wounded Russians were hailed with cheers.

It is stated from St. Petersburg that 25,000 Russian troops from Southern Usuri are moving in two divisions. One along the Tumen River has reached Lake Tadjii, and will move along the Yalu, and the other marching down the east coast of Korea has reached Pakchen.

NEWCHWANG UNDER RUSSIAN CONTROL.

Almost the entire trade of the port of Newchwang has been paralysed by the Russian proclamation of martial law, and submission is regarded as amounting to the surrender of all foreigners' rights in Manchuria.

Admiral Makharoff has notified, Reuter says, that—"Every vessel of war or commerce which is discovered in the sphere of war without lights or flags, or failing to hoist same after warning by gun-shot, will be regarded as an enemy, and sunk."

Within seven days the Japanese expect to have captured Newchwang from the land side.

GALLANT JAPANESE SAILORS.

Admiral Togo, in reporting the last attempt to block Port Arthur, states that the attempt was valiantly carried out under a hot fire, but regrets that the harbour has not been completely blocked.

The Japanese loss (says Reuter) was four killed and nine wounded. Considerable damage was done to a Russian destroyer and others of their vessels were hit. The Japanese ships sustained no damage.

In this engagement Commander Hirose and Boatswain Sugino displayed admirable courage. Sugino was just going down to light the magazine on the fire-ship Fukumaru when the ship was struck by the enemy's torpedo, killing him.

Commander Hirose, after causing his men to take to the boats, and not finding Sugino, searched through the ship three times. Finding his ship gradually going down, he was compelled to leave her to enter the boat.

As the boat was rowing off, under the enemy's hot fire, a shell struck him on the head, and the greater part of his body was blown away, the only remaining part of this brave officer's body being a piece of flesh in the boat.

THE EMPEROR'S RECOGNITION.

The Emperor of Japan, says Reuter, has posthumously conferred the Order of the Kyte and the Order of the Rising Sun on Commander Hirose.

WHALE BLOWN UP BY A MINE.

In Possiet Bay, Reuter says, an explosion occurred recently, the cause of which remained a mystery for two days, when the dead body of a whale was washed ashore. It had evidently come into contact with a floating mine and blown up.

SKATING ACCIDENT TO LADY MINTO.

Lady Minto, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, while skating at the Rideau Rink, at Ottawa, fell, sustaining serious injury. Prompt medical attendance was given, and her ladyship was conveyed to Government House, where it was found that she had broken her leg.

CARNIVAL FOR LONDON.

PROPOSAL TO HOLD A BATTLE OF FLOWERS ON THE EN

A great scheme is in project, which has never before been heard of in London.

To the smokiest, grimiest city in the world the most dainty of all fêtes is to be brought, and this is the Battle of Flowers, the favourite form of amusement amid the sunshine and blossoms on the shores of the Mediterranean.

A Mirror representative was yesterday informed it was intended to hold London's floral battle on the Victoria Embankment, where there is plenty of space, and everyone could take part in the festival as they do abroad. The end of the leafy month of June is spoken of as the time, for then our capricious climate is more or less settled and a fine day is not an out-of-the-way event. A great many prominent persons are said to be interesting themselves in the fête, and among a certain section of the public the idea has certainly "caught on."

A Mirror representative also interviewed a number of florists, and was successful in hearing several different opinions. The leading London florist thought the idea was a good one, and June certainly the only month when it could be carried out. He, however, rather scoffed at the idea of holding it on the Embankment. "No," he said, "it would be much better to have it in Hyde Park, or the Botanical Gardens, where there is plenty of enclosed space, and a mob could not get in. Then, I think, it would be a success."

Another florist was most enthusiastic. "What we have wanted for a long time is a real outdoor fete, and nothing could be more appropriate than a battle of flowers in June, the month of roses. Certainly I am charmed with the idea, and only hope it will be fully matured."

A gentleman who has taken a prominent part in many fancy dress charity balls said, in answer to inquiries, that to his mind the Embankment was the best place. It was there only that the people could join in. It was the presence of all classes of the public which made these festivals so popular on the Continent. To hold a battle of flowers in Regent's Park would be simply to make it a society function, and, therefore, colourless.

TURKS LOSE HEAVILY.

Serious Encounters with Albanian Rebels.

Despite the tendency in some quarters to regard lightly the Albanian rising, a telegram received from Salonika giving an account of recent events shows the extreme seriousness of the situation.

Finding himself unable to accede to the demands of the Albanians, put forward during the negotiations, General Shakir Pasha last week retired to Diakovo, where with his troops he sought safety in view of the threatening attitude of the rebels. The Albanian leaders, finding that the Government persisted in its refusal to accept their proposals, attacked the Turkish troops. The rebels occupied a bridge at Diaboli, forming a strategic point, and then blockaded the town of Ipek. The trains on the Mitrovitz portion of the Salonika-Uskut Railway were attacked in broad daylight. Fortunately the Russian Consul at Mitrovitz, who happened to be travelling in a train on the Mitrovitz line, escaped without injury.

Subsequently, having assembled at Kalisch, the rebels from Prizren attacked the Lourna barracks six times, inflicting severe loss on the Turks. Since then serious conflicts have taken place between the rebels and the regular troops, who were reinforced by six Greek battalions.

Reports from Monastir state that an insurrection is being organised in that province at the present moment, and 150 Bulgarians have unexpectedly left there to join Damjan Groueff, leader of the revolutionary committee.

The opinion is freely expressed by competent observers that it is now impossible to avoid war with Bulgaria.

PRINCESS'S THANKS.

Flowers from Cornwall "Come Like a Breath of Spring."

In acknowledgment of the receipt of a collection of spring flowers from the Cornwall Daffodil and Spring Flower Society, of which her Royal Highness is president, Miss Eva Dugdale, on behalf of the Princess of Wales, wrote:

"The Princess desires me to thank the Society for the lovely flowers which they so kindly sent her. They have given her so much pleasure, and have come like a breath of spring and gladness into the midst of her sorrow, and she is deeply touched by the kind thoughts."

ARRIVAL OF THE KING IN DENMARK.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived at Copenhagen yesterday afternoon. Their Majesties were received at the station by the entire royal family, the members of the Danish Cabinet, the Diplomatic Body, and the chief civil and military authorities. There was a large crowd, which heartily cheered their Majesties, and the Danish Life Guards' band played the British National Anthem.

On leaving the station King Edward and King Christian drove in the first carriage, escorted by Hussars of the Guard, and Queen Alexandra and the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Denmark were in the second carriage.

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., says the "Catholic Herald," called upon Archbishop Bourne yesterday and discussed educational matters with him.

EASTER WEATHER.

UNSETLED PROSPECTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

London and its suburbs yesterday were treated during the daylight hours to a series of weather samples; the entire gamut of the English climate seemed to have been run through between sunrise and sunset.

Early in the morning the thermometer registered a temperature of 33, almost freezing point. Then came snow, sleet, and hail in many districts. About noon, when the temperature had risen considerably, the sun made a final effort, which did not last long. There had been intervals of sunshine and heavy rain.

At Windsor there were some steady falls of snow. As the clouds passed the sun shone out from behind them, and the falling snow crystals seemed to sparkle as they fell.

Tempered by what seemed a break in the weather a number of people ventured out in Richmond Park, but about half-past four a storm of half, coming up with the strong wind, drove them to shelter. Halstanes, as large as barleycorns, thrashed down upon the wet ground with a strange sound, something between the noise of a running brook and the swish of a silk petticoat. But after ten minutes the sun shone strongly.

In North Wales, particularly in Denbighshire and Merioneth, blinding snowstorms thickly enveloped the countryside.

At Ramsgate the weather was bright and sunny but in North Staffs the fields were white with snow. Newmarket suffered from three hours' snow yesterday morning.

The barometer is still falling, and very little hope is held out by meteorologists of a change in the weather. Gales are expected in the Channel and the North Sea, and trips to the Continent will probably start with a rough passage.

So Easter holiday-makers had best prepare their umbrellas and mackintoshes, for the weather prophets are any good at their business there is a dreary time coming. But the Easter Bank Holiday has a habit of disappointing prognosticators. In fact, many people say that the best way to make it fine is to assert beforehand that it will be wet and miserable.

WARLIKE EASTER EGGS.

How Russian Wives and Sweethearts Think of the Soldiers.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST PETRSBURG, Monday.

The "Novoye Vremya" expresses the hope that the Russian soldiers in the Far East will "send home as an Easter egg the news of a brilliant victory."

This is apropos of the committee of Cronstadt ladies, who are engaged in preparing thousand of Easter eggs as gifts to the troops at the front.

I have just had a talk with a member of the committee, the wife of the commander of one of the big battleships in the Far East. She informed me that every egg will contain a useful gift, or little luxury in the shape of tobacco, tea, or sugar. Many hundreds of eggs have been filled with candies, cotton, and writing materials.

Apparently some Russians are under the impression that each egg is destined for a particular soldier. A young girl called at the committee's office, and asked them to enclose a photograph and a love-letter in the egg addressed to her sweetheart. Another brought a five-ruble note, which he wished to send to her brother.

"War-eggs" are the dominant fashion this year. The most popular is a big steel-blue egg shaped like a shell, with the greeting "Christ is Risen" on the side, and, somewhat incongruously, "dia Japontsif" ("for the Japanese") on the point.

Another popular egg is a globe of the world, with Manchuria and Korea on an exaggerated scale, while overhead an eagle soars, covering with its wings a Russian flag. Around the equator of the globe is printed the inscription on the Nevelski Monument at Vladivostok: "Where the Russian flag has once been raised, it will never be hauled down."

SUFFERINGS IN TIBET.

British Mission Tortured with Intense Cold in the Passes.

In the belief that the mission, with its escort of Indian troops, could never cross the Himalayan passes in winter, the Lamas have hitherto refused to negotiate. The fact that the highest passes have now been crossed has deeply impressed the Tibetans. This feat has, however, entailed extreme suffering and hardships. At the headquarters at Tuna, says Reuter's special service, of eleven cases of pneumonia among the Pioneers, ten have proved fatal. Twenty-three degrees of frost were registered on Tuesday night, though the winter is now said to be over. In addition to other troubles, there has been a difficulty in procuring fuel. The plains are alive with wild asses, which scamper in front of the column during the march.

WON'T DO KAFFIRS' WORK.

Lord Gifford, speaking at the annual meeting of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company yesterday, denied that the importation of Chinese into South Africa meant slavery. A number of yeomen who fought in the war took their discharge and went to labour in the mines. Some worked three days, others ten, but all left before the end of a fortnight, saying they were not going to do Kaffir labour.

By the explosion of a drum which had contained acetone, a man named Harry Watson was killed yesterday in Glasgow harbour, and two others seriously injured.

GAOL TO FORTUNE.

Youthful Prisoner Comes in for £10,000.

A STRANGE RECORD.

Henry Bagster came out of prison last Saturday. There was nothing new in that—he had been there before. The thing really new is that he has come out of gaol to drop into a comfortable fortune of nearly £10,000—£8,000 in cash, the rest in house property.

It will be inferred that, as Bagster has been frequently the "guest" of the country, he has an uncommon record. He has. It began when he was eleven years of age. He was then a pupil at an Ealing grammar school, and he distinguished himself by levanting, with America for his objective. He got as far as Brighton, his birthplace, found that his relatives there would not further his plans, and was marched back to the paternal roof tree at Willesden.

But he did not stay there long. A little later he was withdrawn from school, and he improved the occasion by removing himself from home. With two other boys, he became a bandit, and went to live in a cave. Thus he became known to London and the provinces as one of the "Harlesden Troglodytes."

The exploits of the three braves ended in a burglary at a grocer's shop. The booty carried to the lair was tins of salmon, sardines, and condensed milk.

An appropriate food for babes and sucklings, the condensed milk proved to be the eventual undoing of the robber band. The desperados were arrested at Balham, sucking milk from holes punched in the last of the cans.

This adventure led to Bagster being sent to an industrial home, but the arrangement was hardly calculated to suit his taste. It didn't. He was soon missing.

Six years ago—for he never returned to parental embraces—he found himself at Westminster, where he fell among "the snipe of the streets." After that he came to know the Westminster magistrate, not wisely but too well. The last time he had an interview with the stipendiary, in August, he "went away" for six months.

The grammar school boy degenerated into the gamin, the gamin into the gaolbird, and the gaolbird has become the gentleman—so far as cash can make one, at any rate.

Bagster has inherited his fortune from his mother, and he comes of age next Sunday. He will then enter into full enjoyment of his wealth, and it will rest with himself whether or not the magic of money can effect a miracle in his life.

CROSSMAN'S FUNERAL.

Minister Reads Prayers Over the Unconsecrated Grave.

The quiet and unobtrusive manner in which the body of Crossman was buried yesterday was a grim contrast to his life of excitement and crime.

There was no fuss, no crowd, when the body of the man who was certainly one of the meanest criminals of modern times was deposited in the earth.

The last scene of the tragedy took place in the early morning at Willesden Cemetery. At a few minutes to nine a hearse with two horses drove up to the gates. The glass sides were closed with purple curtains; behind them was the body of the murderer, dead by his own hand. Three undertaker's men, his only escort, were chattering cheerfully on the box-seat.

Four women loitering at the cemetery gate were the only sign of a demonstration. There was no hissing, no hooting. Neither were there any tears.

The Nonconformist, chaplain, the Rev. James Skinner, was already by the newly-dug grave as the undertaker's men lifted down the coffin.

A moment later and the figures of two women, dressed in deep black, came up the drive towards the grave. One, a little, grey-haired old lady, was recognised at once; she was the dead man's mother.

"Who's the other?" whispered the undertaker's men. "One of his wives?"

It was his sister. Together, she and her mother had walked over from Cricklewood to see the last of the son and brother who had brought such shame and misery upon them.

Not one of the murderer's many wives was present.

THROUGH "MARY JANE."

Servant's Night Out Leads to Important Discoveries.

Through the curiosity of a chambermaid in service with a Russian family in Paris, says Reuter, a Japanese scheme for obtaining ammunition has been unearthed.

Residents in the neighbourhood of the Chinese Legation began to remark on the frequent visits paid to the Legation by Japanese, and several of them, chiefly servants, became so curious that they hid themselves in the porter's lodge of the Legation to watch the movements of the Japanese.

Among these curious watchers was the chambermaid, and when taxed by her employers with staying out late one night she explained what she had been doing.

Her master made inquiries, and discovered that the Japanese were purchasing ammunition, powder, and preserved provisions through the intermediary of the Chinese Legation, which dispatched the stores to Chinese ports, principally Shanghai, whence they were delivered to Japan.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Best steam coal has advanced in price at Cardiff from 16s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. and 18s. per ton.

There is said to be £250,000,000 of British capital invested in Argentina.

A contract for 100,000 silk handkerchiefs for British bluejackets has been placed with a Maclesfield firm.

Two candidates in a district council election at Langtree, North Devon, received an equal number of votes, and the returning officer decided the matter by the spin of a coin.

In reply to a question Sir Robert Finlay, Attorney-General, has stated that the observations made by Mr. Brougham, as Official Receiver, respecting Mr. Hooley had been considered, but

For the post of timekeeper at the Southwark Depot, Walworth-road, there were 360 applicants.

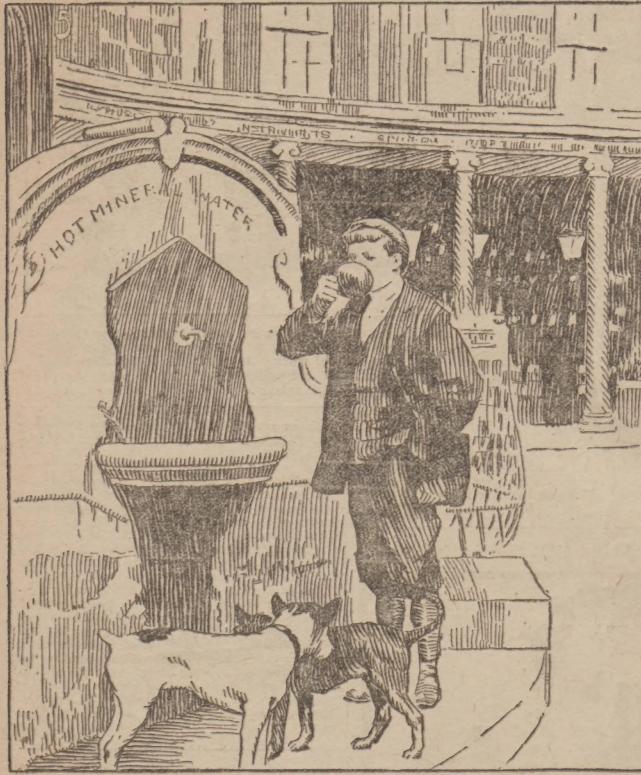
Senators and deputies in the Argentine National Congress receive salaries of £1,048 per annum.

Sugar of the value of £334,486 was imported into England from the West Indies last year, and fruit of the value of £142,000.

Among some rare coins recently discovered near High Wycombe during excavations for the new line of the Great Western and Great Central Railway Companies, is one dated London, 322 A.D.

"The present political situation shows the helplessness and shapelessness of the old political parties," say the Council of the Independent Labour Party in their annual report, "and in this

DRINKING RADIUM AT BATH.



The ever-sparkling mineral, radium, of which there is only some few ounces in the world's market, is said to abound in great quantities at Bath; so much so that people may actually imbibe it in infinitesimal quantities at the price of 2d. a glass.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

proceedings were not taken because it was found impossible to obtain the necessary evidence.

Giving evidence in a petition for a divorce against her husband on the ground of desertion, heard at Melbourne, a Mrs. Upcher stated that she was a Church of England lay reader, and after marriage

situation is the great opportunity of the Labour movement."

Irishmen are greatly flattered by the Admiralty's consenting that the name of H.M.S. Black Prince shall be changed to Emerald.

An attack by a number of Arabs upon a Greek at Cardiff Docks yesterday led to a serious disturbance. With sticks and umbrellas Greeks and Arabs fought till five men were so much injured that they had to be sent away in cabs.

His Majesty's cruiser Hawke arrived at Sheerness yesterday with orders to pay off from the Home Fleet, transferring her crew to the battleship Exmouth, which is to be commissioned as flagship of the Home Fleet.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the African Steamship Company yesterday, Sir Alfred Jones remarked that from West Africa and the West



M. FRED. GREULING.

who is charged with the murder, in a Paris hotel, of a young Roumanian actress, named Mlle. Popesco. He says the girl committed suicide through jealousy while he was in the room.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

her daily fare was "Prayer, prayer, prayer." When Mrs. Upcher objected her husband said that she was ungodly.

In spite of the heavy penalty attached to the offence, a poacher has killed the last buffalo in Llano in the State of Colorado at Lost Park.

In 1902 the United Kingdom supplied 36 per cent. of the total imports into the Argentine Republic. Exports to England amounted to 10½ per cent. of the total in the same year.

Mr. C. W. Macara, President of the Federation of Master Spinners, has issued a statement showing that Lancashire is losing £150,000 a week in consequence of the short time being worked in the cotton trade.



MILLE. ELISE POPESCO.

the young Roumanian actress whom Fred Greuling is charged with having shot in a Paris hotel.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

Indies the company was carrying cotton to this country freight free, in the hope of inducing the further growth of cotton and enabling Lancashire to be independent.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AND DEATH.

Tragic Story of the Beautiful Roumanian for Whose Murder a Swiss Impostor has been Found Guilty.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

The closing scene in one of the most sensational murder trials which have occurred in Paris of late years was reached last night, when Frederic Greuling was found guilty of the murder of a beautiful young Roumanian actress, Mlle. Elise Popesco, at the Hotel Regina, in October last, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

When the doors of the Assize Court were opened in the morning for the third sitting of the tribunal to try Greuling for the murder, there was a fierce struggle for admission, and the proceedings opened amidst a scene of great excitement.

At the outset, Maitre Albert Chevalier, on behalf of Madame Popesco, mother of the murdered girl, addressed the Court and protested vehemently against what he called "the lie" of the suicide story invented by the prisoner. He denounced the shameful expedients adopted by Greuling for a living.

Under the lash of Mme. Chevalier's bitter attack, the prisoner lost his temper, and had to be called to order several times for interrupting counsel.

The Public Prosecutor, who followed, described Greuling as a vain, worthless, idle degenerate, willing to live on any woman whom he could deceive,

the whim seized Greuling to speak to Mlle. Popesco of a revolver which he possessed—a perfect little weapon.

"Give it me!" pleaded Mlle. Elise—so says the prisoner—and Greuling promised to do so. Next day Elise expressed another wish. She begged Greuling to procure seats for the première of "Blanchette" at the Comédie Française. The gallant Genevieve desired to gratify his adored one, but unfortunately he was absolutely without money. Being a man of resource, he borrowed 50f. of Greorigita, the other sister, and took a box for the performance. He escorted the two girls to the play. During the evening there was a scene, occasioned by Greuling's jealousy.

October 10, the fourth day of this love-drama, was destined to be the last.

Suicide or Murder?

Greuling and Elise Popesco entered the Hotel Regina together, junched, and then retired to their room. Very soon afterwards Greuling came rushing down the vestibule crying "Madame has committed suicide." The horrified hotel servants hurried upstairs and found Elise lying on the ground quite dead, with a wound in her forehead. In her right hand she held, firmly, a small ivory tooth-file. The revolver, the same weapon which Greuling had shown to her two days before, was lying in a cupboard close by.

The cross-examination of the prisoner commenced on Monday. The result has been to reveal a character composed of equal proportions of egotism, vanity, and unscrupulousness. His evidence is described as "a memoir in several volumes—the confession of a child of the twentieth century."

According to his own account this little dude, this son of small Genevieve tradesfolk, this seller

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.



This sweet-faced little girl was adopted by Mrs. Seymour Hicks some years ago. She is now growing into a bright, intelligent girl, and the charming actress who adopted her is never so happy as when fondling her little companion.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from photo by Bassano.]

and charged him with having taken the life of the young actress because she barred the way to his odious intentions.

Mr. Robert, in his address, did the best he could for the prisoner, but even his eloquence failed to soften the hearts of the jury, who, after a brief deliberation, found Greuling guilty.

Story of the Crime.

The drama thus closed has commanded the cynical interest of "Tout Paris," rather because of the personality of the accused than owing to the beauty of the victim or the details of the crime.

The dramatis personae consist of Greuling, a young Swiss adventurer, small, and good-looking in an insignificant way, with a pretentious manner which served to uphold his claim to connection with the Russian Embassy in Paris, and two beautiful Roumanian girls—Elise, blonde and blue eyed, and Greorigita, with raven hair and dark flashing eyes.

Last October Greuling, in the course of his wanderings, came to Paris. He seems to have played the rôle of boulanger with great décal for some time before he met the Roumanian sisters.

It was on October 7, 1903, at the Comédie Française, that the little Genevieve saw Elise Popesco for the first time. Her beauty—a "ray of sunlight," Greuling called it—made the more impression on him because Elise observed, "You have the same eyes and hair as I."

It was, according to the prisoner, a case of love at first sight. The lovers spent most of the next two days together. On the evening of October 8

of postcards, has been an "enfant gâté" in the highest circles. He prates of Jean Lorrain and "marriage of souls," and indulges in a romantic story of a "petite dame russe," in whose company he glided over Venetian lagoons in a gondola.

"Till my meeting with Elise Popesco," he admits, "I loved only myself."

His description of what passed between him and Mlle. Popesco before her death is detailed and insists on the certainty of suicide.

A Judge's Sarcasm.

When he and the unfortunate actress regained their room after lunch at the Hotel Regina his first act was to present Elise with the coveted revolver. Together they loaded it—in play. Meanwhile Elise noticed a packet of letters protruding from her lover's pocket. She seized them.

"Letters from women!" she cried, and opening one of them found her suspicion verified. She begged Greuling to leave Paris and his friends there and go with her to Bucharest.

He refused. She persisted. He rose to leave her, had reached the door, his head was turned away from her. He heard a shot, turned, saw the girl raise her two hands, fire again, and fall.

In spite of the evidence of the file which Elise held in her right hand Greuling still maintained that he was innocent.

The cause of the gun explosion on Salisbury Plain, by which four men were injured, is attributed to the premature explosion of a blank cartridge, and not to defective mechanism.

EASTER AT THE WATERING PLACES.

Visitors Will Spend an Enjoyable Time at the Pleasure Resorts if the Weather Holds Fine.

The principal holiday resorts have arranged a full list of attractions to tempt visitors. The following shows what the leading places within easy access of London are doing:—

HASTINGS.—Most of the principals hotels are full. All old attractions continue, and a new one consists of the Royal Austrian Band, which has



THE ANCIENT AND ROYAL
game of golf is greatly in favour with our judges, who are said to keep an unblinking eye on the ball and judge their shots well.
[Sketch by a "Mirror" artist.]

been engaged for a month by the Local Amusements Association. Weather yesterday: Splendid.

SHANKLIN AND SANDOWN.—Bright programmes are announced for the pier pavilions, and coaching and boat excursions have commenced. The railway companies are announcing Easter excursions, by which visitors will be able at small cost to see all the island.

MATLOCK.—For ten days there will be general festivity, seven balls being arranged within a radius of half a mile for Bank Holiday night. Climatic conditions are promising; yesterday was bright, with record sunshine.

RAMSGATE.—At the Amphitheatre on Good Friday Madame Amy Sherwin will give a grand sacred concert, and nightly the play "Sapho" will be produced. Dances have been arranged at



DECORATING EGGS
Is a great art. Some exceedingly tasteful designs are contrived by the experts to charm the eye. Ribbons of all sorts and shades go to the dressing of an Easter egg.
[Sketch by a "Mirror" artist.]

several halls for Monday night. A number of trips to places of interest in the neighbourhood are announced. Weather fine.

ILFRACOMBE.—Amusements are plentiful, including coaching trips to Lynton, steamer trips in the Bristol Channel, theatrical performances and sacred concerts at the Pavilion and Kursaal on Good Friday. Concerts and band performances will be given daily throughout Easter week.

YARMOUTH arranges no special programme for Easter, but relies on its invigorating air and natural charms to attract the usual holiday crowd.

VENTNOR.—Attractions include football, bowling, golf, boating, coaching, and promenade concerts. The Royal Bohemian Players are on the pier. "Quality Street" is at the Town Hall. The weather prospects are exceedingly good.

DOVER.—There is a good programme of entertainments for Easter. The promenade pier opens on

Good Friday. The Ben Greet Company, in "The Eternal City," will be at the theatre. A grand performance of the "Messiah" will take place at the Town Hall Good Friday night. A number of football matches will be played during the holidays.

EASTBOURNE.—Mrs. Patrick Campbell and company are at the pier on Good Friday, and the Coldstream Guards' band on Sunday. Cycling sports will take place at Devonshire Park on Monday.

BRIGHTON.—Hotel bookings are very heavy as usual. On Monday the Carl Rosa Opera Company will open a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal. At the Palace, West Pier, and other places of amusement strong companies are en-

Bernhardt. Here, Miss Evie Greene, Mr. Courte Pounds, Mr. Holbrook Blinn, and other popular artists will appear. The "Messiah" will be given at the Alexandra Palace, and at the Crystal Palace there will be a sacred concert at 3.30, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, at which Messdames Alice Esty, Kirkby Lunn, and Clara Butt, and Messrs. Charles Saunders, Kennerley Rumford, and Charles Santley will sing. There will be another vocal and instrumental concert at 7.45, when the band of the Coldstream Guards will play. Gounod's "Redemption" will be sung at the Westminster Chapel in the evening. The Zoological Gardens will be open as usual all day.

BUNS IN THE MAKING.

How the Time-Honoured Good Friday Delicacy is Prepared.

All over the kingdom to-morrow morning will be ushered in with a universal cry of "hot cross buns."

The history of the hot cross bun goes back to the time of Cecrops, and thence can be traced upwards

BAKERS WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING.



All to-day and on till the dawn, London bakers will be busy making hot cross buns for the million. In many parts of London shops keep open all night selling the seasonal dainties to "stop-outers." The men with the white caps stamp the buns at the rate of a hundred per minute.
[Sketch by a "Mirror" artist.]

gaged. A bit-bit for footballers will be Brighton's match with Millwall on Saturday.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Promenade concerts will be given daily by the musical orchestra at the Winter Garden Pavilion and on the pier. Steamboat excursions are announced round the Isle of Wight. Golf competitions take place in Meyrick Park. Coaching and motor drives to various places of interest in the district are among other attractions arranged.

MARGATE.—A special concert party is engaged for the Jetty extension. The Meister Orchestra will play at the Fort and Oval bandsands. The two theatres are open and there will be a carnival at the Hall by the Sea on Easter Monday. Sports will be held at Birchington. Weather windy and cool, but bright.

THE CONTINENT.—Nearly 1,000 passengers crossed from Dover to Calais yesterday, the turbine steamer taking nearly half the number. Still larger numbers are expected to-day.

LONDON'S GOOD FRIDAY.

Where the Home-Staying Public can Pass the Time.

Those who stay in town on Good Friday—and although London appears deserted on that day there are many thousands who will be wondering how to spend the time—will find many forms of entertainment suitable to the solemn season.

At the Royal Albert Hall, at seven in the evening, the Royal Choral Society will present the "Messiah." Sir Frederick Bridge will conduct, and the chief soloists will be Miss Evangeline Florence, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Mr. William Green, and Mr. Andrew Black. At the Queen's Hall, commencing at 7.30, there will be a grand sacred concert. Madame Clara Butt will sing "The Promise of Life" and "The Lost Chord," besides taking part with Mr. Kennerley Rumford in Mr. Squire's duet, "The Harbour Lights." Other artists will be Madame Bertha Rossoff and Miss Eva Mylott, the Royal Windsor Glee Singers, and Mr. W. H. Squire.

The National Sunday League will give their usual evening concerts at the Alhambra, where the band of H.M. First Life Guards will play, and Mrs. Clement Scott recite; at the Grand Temple, Fulham, and at the People's Palace, Mile End-road, where the "Messiah" will be sung.

A grand concert will be given at the Kensington Theatre, under the management of Mr. H.

are of two sorts, natural and artificial. Children are two of the natural ones by reason of the chocolates and other sweets they contain. No bird ever laid eggs so large, as the confectioner makes.
[Sketch by a "Mirror" artist.]

presentative was allowed to descend to the sanctity of the bakehouse, where he was initiated by a specially arranged demonstration into the process of the making of the hot-cross bun. An ingenious machine cuts out the proper amount of dough for each bun, and rows of white-capped bakers then roll each ball of dough into the proper shape of the bun. After shaping, the buns are allowed to stand a few minutes before being placed in the oven. As soon as the meters on the side



THE LONDON CARRY.

like the railway porter, is immensely busy at Easter. His year has many harvests, and none sketch by a "Mirror" artist.

of the oven register the desired temperature, the trays of buns are slid into the huge ovens. Barely ten minutes pass before the oven doors are again thrown open, and the trays of buns taken out steaming hot, ready for table.

At one branch establishment alone as many as 15,000 hot cross buns are made every Good Friday, and the firm have between six and eight bakeries, all in the West End.

The great houses of the West End have from twenty to one hundred buns on Good Friday morning, according to the size of the family; and some of the West End clubs are supplied with as many as one hundred dozen of these Good Friday delicacies.

No distinction whatever is made in the preparation of the hot cross bun for the Royal House-



THE RAILWAY STATIONS

are already showing signs of strengthen platforms during the holidays. The prolonged rainy season should make a fine Good Friday and Easter Monday break for travel at the great metropolitan stations.
[Sketch by a "Mirror" artist.]

hold; those which appear on the royal breakfast-table are simply selected from the thousands of others that are baked during the early hours of Good Friday morning.

LAWYERS' HOLIDAY.

Bench and Bar Take Vacation Far Away.

After one of the liveliest Hilary terms on record the Law Courts yesterday "broke up" for the Easter vacation.

For the next fortnight reminiscences of the Pollard case and tit-bits from the Croydon kissing tragedy will enliven Continental smoking-rooms, and delight the eaves-dropping ears of unsophisticated caddies.

The Bar, the Judges, and the Lords Justices will be far away from King's Bench, Chancery, and Appeal Court, and will not be back again until April 12.

Most of the Judges have gone to their country houses. The Lord Chief Justice at Cranleigh, near Guildford; Sir Francis Jeune, Arlington Manor, Newbury, Berks; Mr. Justice Grantham, at Barcombe Place, near Lewes; Mr. Justice Bruce, at Gainslaw, Berwick-upon-Tweed; Mr. Justice Ridley, Crabtree Park, Crawley, Sussex; Mr. Justice Darling, Lady Cross Lodge, Brockenhurst, Hants; Mr. Justice Bucknill, at Epsom; the Attorney-General is at Littlestone, Kent; Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., at Jersey; Sir Robert Reid, K.C., M.P., at Lochmaben, Dumfries; while Mr. Asquith, K.C., M.P., will spend the Easter vacation at Innerleathen, N.B.



EASTER EGGS

are of two sorts, natural and artificial. Children

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES.

Confiding Stranger Decoyed Into a House and Robbed.

Since the demolition of the "rookeries" in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane, certain streets in Notting Dale have acquired unenviable notoriety as the resort of the dangerous characters who were then forced to migrate. The evidence of Edward Joseph Fay, a bricklayer, at West London Police Court yesterday gives support to the reputation which has fastened upon this locality.

Recently he came home from the United States and went to Notting Dale to find some old friends. He fell in with two men whom he treated to drinks as they gave him information about the people he was searching for.

Afterwards, he told the magistrate, one of his casual acquaintances, a man named William Ennis, took him to a house in Crescent-street, and, decoying him into a room, threw a sack over his head and robbed him of his money and watch.

Detective Pittaway stated that Ennis confessed to the robbery, adding that a small tradesman in the district assisted in the crime and shared the money. As this man had not found him a "moultipiece" Ennis said he would "round on him."

The magistrate committed Ennis for trial.

£5 FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

Failure of an Ingenious "Money for Nothing" Scheme.

Edwin Webster, a young compositor who lived at Brook-street, Kensington, drew up and distributed by post a circular which commenced in the following way: "Dear Friend,—We beg to inform you that there is awaiting you at our office the sum of £5, this being part of a huge sum (£1,000) which Messrs. Jameson and Sons, the well-known firm of fountain pen makers, are giving away simply as an advertisement."

One of the circulars reached a Mr. Abbott, residing in Essex, and he was invited to send 2s. 6d. to an address in Kennington-road, when he would receive a fountain pen and the £5. The money was sent, but Mr. Abbott had nothing in reply.

The matter was placed in the hands of the police, and Webster, who is not in the employ of Jameson and Sons, was arrested. The prisoner asserted that he simply put what he did in the circular to make people purchase the pens, and was only doing what other people did.

The Lambeth magistrate yesterday sentenced him to three months' hard labour.

JUDGE'S JOKE AGAINST HIMSELF.

Judge Rentoul, K.C., told an amusing story against himself in the City of London Court yesterday, showing that whatever legal advice a litigant may have received beforehand, it is, as a rule, impossible to foretell how a case will be disposed of in court.

He once knew a case, he said, where the junior counsel for the plaintiff advised the client that there

"GREATEST DETECTIVE OF THE AGE."

Autobiographical Sketch of "Slater," Founder of the Inquiry Agency Figuring in the Pollard Case.

The greatest detective of the age!

Mr. Bargrave Deane, K.C., did not use this title when, shortly after noon yesterday, he summoned into the witness-box of the Divorce Court the man whose personality and business has been so closely associated with the Pollard case in the minds, and on the tongues, of everybody during the three last weeks. Mr. Bargrave Deane did not even call out "Mr. Slater." He said, simply, "Mr. Scott."

But when he spoke these two words all in court knew that the tall, slim man, dressed smartly in black, who was edging his way to the witness-box, was none other than "Slater, the greatest detective of the age," of the advertisement columns, and

Slater denied that he was dismissed from Messrs. Freshfield's office, and for that reason ceased to be a solicitor's clerk, or that he had ever been a discoverer of bills.

On the subject of the greatest of his titles, "the greatest detective of the age," he was very modest. He said that the title latterly belonged to Mr. Henry. Mr. Henry was the gentleman referred to in the advertisements.

The Solicitor-General turning to the subject of finances, Mr. Slater said his expenses were over £8,000 a year, and he spent £4,000 a year in advertisements.

A little scene now took place. The Solicitor-General asked for Mr. Slater's pass-book from

MR. TINSLEY—SCOTT—SLATER.



In the "Detectives and Divorce" case yesterday the chief witness was Mr. Slater, head of the detective agency which bears his name. He acknowledged having also borne the names of Tinsley and Scott. Having testified that he knew nothing of the Pollard case, he added that he had never seen Mr. Knowles till yesterday.

[Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.]

the proprietor of the agency accused of suborning the evidence on which Mrs. Pollard got her divorce in 1902.

In a gentle, almost diffident, tone of voice, Mr. Slater disclaimed all knowledge of what was being done in the Pollard case by his agency during the exciting times of 1902. Only when the King's Proctor brought the matter to his notice did he become conversant with the details. He had not seen Mr. Knowles, "the client."

The reason why he knew so little was because for several years he has been in the habit of leaving the routine business of his office to others, and at the beginning of 1902 he was away in Australia. He knew nothing and had authorised nothing of the alleged plot against Mr. Pollard.

Before Sir Edward Carson had been at work for ten minutes cross-examining Mr. Slater, he had made the following interesting discoveries about that gentleman's previous professions and titles.

Tabulated, these discoveries are:—

TITLES.	PROFESSIONS.
Mr. Henry Slater	Jeweller's assistant
Captain Brown	Pawpaw-worker's assistant
General Tinsley	Launderer
Captain Scott	Mortgage agent
Mr. Seymour	A shorthand clerk
The Captain	Nigger minister
The Governor	Greatest detective of the age
The Boss	Reader of character by the face

The Solicitor-General then devoted himself to getting this information into chronological order, and eliciting the reasons for changes of title and profession. "When did you take the name of Captain Scott?" he asked.

Mr. Slater: In 1896. I had no reason for it.

The Solicitor-General: Did you then become captain of a detective gang?

Mr. Slater: If you like.

The Solicitor-General: Then made inquiries about the reason why "Tinsley" was dropped. In reply Mr. Slater admitted that an attack had been made on him when he bore that name by a man named Prettyman, who had referred to him as "Tinsley, the thief." He did not take proceedings against this man, and afterwards changed his name, With regard to his change of professions, Mr.

September, 1901, to July, 1902. "Your friends have got it," retorted Mr. Slater.

The Solicitor-General: Don't be impudent. Where is your pass-book?

Mr. Slater: Your clients have it.

The Solicitor-General (very warmly): I have no clients.

Unhappily a duplicate of the pass-book was sent for from the bank.

While still on the subject of finance Mr. Slater said that he made no inquiry why such large sums were being received for the Pollard case.

Mr. Slater was displayed in a new light—that of a philanthropist—by the Solicitor-General's next question. "Why was it?" the latter asked, "that the witness kept Davies in his employment after the revelations of the King's Proctor?"

"His parents are very old people," replied Mr. Slater, "and he has been very good to them."

The Solicitor-General: Oh, Christian charity, I suppose.

Mr. Slater: Yes, I have given sums of money to charitable institutions for years.

"You took the dirty profits your employee made," was the Solicitor-General's parting remark as he sat down.

During the earlier part of the day Mr. Hamilton, an elderly gentleman, who had been mentioned as one of the partners in Slater's, had given evidence. He said that he was employed at a salary, and that he had more or less of a free hand.

"How very nice!" commented Mr. Matthews, while cross-examining him.

The last witness of the day and of the trial was Davies, the central figure of the Jersey incident.

Davies excused himself from giving a detailed account of what happened at Jersey by explaining that he had been intoxicated for part of the time.

He differed from Mr. Henry about his present position at Slater's. He was still being used as a watcher, and Slater's had made no difference with him, he declared.

The case was adjourned over the Easter vacation, and the President said that he could not at present fix a day for its renewal.

MISSING BOOKKEEPER.

Girl Mysteriously Disappears On Her Way to a Class.

Since March 23 a young girl named Florence Harris has been missing from her home at 55, Goldney-road, Paddington. An aunt of the girl, applying to the Marylebone magistrate yesterday for assistance in tracing her niece, explained the circumstances of the disappearance, which she was entirely at a loss to explain.

Her niece, who is seventeen years old, left home a week ago last Wednesday evening to go to a short-hand class at the Amberley-road Board School. She did not reach the class, and has not been seen or heard of since.

She had been an assistant bookkeeper to a West End firm, and the aunt described her as a tall, good-looking, and fascinating young woman, five feet eight inches in height, with plump features. She has a fresh complexion, large, dark blue eyes, and dark hair.

She was wearing a black serge skirt, small black jacket, dark red blouse, kid shoes, black stockings, and a navy-blue and cream-coloured sailor's hat with black trimmings. She has a small gathering on her right forearm.

Although of attractive appearance, she was of a retiring disposition.

STATE AND IMMORAL PROFITS.

"Death and Disease" from the Sale of Patent Medicines.

Improper feeding was shown to have been responsible for the death of a seven-months-old child upon whom an inquest was held at Wandsworth yesterday. It had been brought up on patent foods, and one of the jury raised a question as to the sale of such foods, pointing out that they were advertised as being fit for children.

Referring to this, Mr. Troubeck, the coroner, said that in the present state of the law the sale of these foods for children by means of enticing advertisements was allowed, and there was not the slightest doubt that this was the cause of a great deal of death and disease.

The same remarks applied to patent medicines, but in their case it was worse, because not only were the proprietors making huge profits out of the medicine, but he was sorry to say that the State made a large profit upon this immoral sale of patent medicines.

The only thing to be done was to keep calling the attention of the State to these matters, and



MR. HAMILTON,
who, like Mr. Davies, has given evidence for the defence in the Pollard divorce case.
[Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.]

perhaps when some of the important subjects which were now occupying the attention of Parliament had been dealt with a little question such as the health of the nation would receive attention.

SON'S PATHETIC FAREWELL.

Before committing suicide by shooting himself at his humble lodgings in Poplar Herbert Estall, a man fifty years of age, wrote to his father, a Norfolk gentleman, a letter, in which he said:

"When you receive this I hope to be in a better world. All hope in this is gone. I have made a hard struggle to get through this strange life that was brought upon me, but it has not pleased the Lord that I should. Of course, it is owing to my health, and now I have lost all hope of it being better. I wish you all a long and last farewell."

The landlady with whom Estall had lived told the coroner yesterday that her lodger had not done any work during the four months he had been at her house, and as he had been badly off she had given him food. It was evident Estall was a man who had been in a superior position in life. Before taking his life he had received a letter from a brother stating that he could not give him any further help.

Many of the clients of a street bookmaker fined at Kettering yesterday were said to be children between eleven and fourteen years of age.

MR. DAVIES,
the detective whom Mr. Pollard accompanied to Jersey.
[Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.]

was not the ghost of a chance of winning. The King's Counsel, who was also consulted, gave similar advice; but in spite of this the client was victorious.

The Court fully appreciated the point of the story when Judge Rentoul added, "If Mr. T. (a junior counsel present) will not say who the K.C. was, I will not say who the junior counsel was."

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Mr. Lane, the West London magistrate, yesterday heard a case in which two boys had fought. One, who delivered a blow below the belt, was charged with inflicting bodily harm.

His Worship remarked boys always had fought, and he hoped always would. A blow below the belt was one of the possible contingencies. It was rather a farce to go through the solemn formality of charging the prisoner, to whom no moral blame could be attached.

ANOTHER AMERICAN MODEL.

London's need of an efficient ambulance service was referred to yesterday by Dr. Danford Thomas, the coroner, who said the system in New York was excellent, and one which might be copied. Horse ambulances were proposed by the L.C.C., but it was uncertain whether these should be kept at the police or fire stations.

AMUSEMENTS.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
CLOSED during HOLY WEEK.
REOPENING EASTER MONDAY, at 8.15,
with
THE DARLINGS OF THE GODS
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

Zakuri Mr. TREE
Yo San Miss LENA ASHWELL

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 7.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
CLOSED. REOPEN EASTER MONDAY EVENING.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER in
EVERA MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
EVERA MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE,
SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY, April 6, at 3.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
No Performances—nights, Saturday, or Sunday,
ON MONDAY NEXT & FORTNIGHTLY, at 8.30,
LAST SIX PERFORMANCES OF
OLD HEIDELBERG.

ST. JAMES'S, "SATURDAY TO MONDAY"
A New Comedy, by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce,
will be produced on THURSDAY EVENING, April 14th.
Box Office open 10 to 5. Tel. 3903 Gerr.—SP. JAMES'S.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEY-MOON OR LOCAL, by George Dallas. Music by Herbert Johnson.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD. HACKENSCHMIDT,
World's Champion Wrestler, with Ada
Curtis, Neddy French, Mabel S. Whallen, Howard and
St. Clair, Mark Melford, Sisters Jonghems, Bros.
Egbert, and other stars.—Open 7.35. SATURDAY
MATINEES at 2.30. Manager—Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—ADMISSION SIXPENCE daily from April 4th to 9th inclusive. ADMISSION ON GOOD FRIDAY AS USUAL, ONE SHILLING.

PERSONAL.

DOLLY.—Never again—DAD.

HOLDA.—April 16.—HALDEBEE.

ENVELOPE.—Letter from Cousin T. waiting you, dear.—ENVELOPE.

HILDA.—A letter. Are you ill? Write or communicate
me.—A BREEZE.

SWEETHEART DI.—Let me know when in town; longing
to see you.—THE GREAT.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch,"

for each year from 1801 to 1819 inclusive, and for the
years 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to
7 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of
eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They
can be sent to us by post, or by post paid to our office.
Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for
4s., and 6d. per word after.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror is sent direct by post to
any part of the United Kingdom, at the rate of a
day (which includes postage payable in advance); or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three
months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 13s.; or for a year, 26s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months,
9s. 6d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.
payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co."

and made payable to the Manager, Daily Illustrated
Mirror.

The Daily
Illustrated Mirror.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

Foreigners and Foreigners.

If the Government is blamed for importing Chinamen into South Africa it must at any rate be praised for wanting to exclude undesirable foreigners from England. The Bill which has been prepared does something in the direction of rejecting criminals and loafers, of whom we have already enough without bringing in more, and it is a good Bill.

The system under which we send to the United States and to our Colonies some of our best human stock, and replace it with human rubbish from Poland, has existed quite long enough.

In certain parts of the East End an Englishman is hopelessly at a loss unless under the escort of an interpreter, and it is said that the sign, "English Spoken Here," may actually be seen in shop windows.

The Government Bill would not keep Chinamen from arriving in English factories unless the Chinamen were convicts or criminals, or of the hopelessly pauperised class, so that it will not interfere with free trade in labour.

It will not prevent the settlement on our shores of anyone from abroad whose presence here is desirable, although it is likely that the restrictions will not prove stringent enough when they come to be applied.

The "Snub" to Mr. Churchill.

At which of the recent Cabinet meetings did some heaven-born genius suggest the "snub" to Mr. Churchill which was put into effect on Tuesday night, when as soon as Mr. Churchill rose to speak Mr. Balfour led a stampede from the House to mark his displeasure at the precocious orator's recent expressions of opinions?

The view is expressed that this new plan of boycotting a speaker savours of the childish. The real manly way of attacking him, it is argued, would be for the Unionists to remain in their seats and demonstrate their resentment by making hideous grimaces at Mr.

THE CUP THAT KILLS.



As we are all water drinkers, it is impossible to read without alarm the report of Dr. Houston, which proves that the water used by many of the London water companies is more impure than that from which condemned shellfish have been taken. Bad water is blamed for the "under par condition too often observed among the inhabitants of London"—"brain-fag," the "hump," and kindred ailments. Dr. Houston also speaks of poison imbibed in small doses. Our advice in the circumstances is not to drink cold water raw. Cook it in the kettle first.

Churchill from the moment he rose until he sat down, not stopping a minute or showing any mercy to him.

Mr. Churchill is a much more entertaining speaker than most of the gentlemen who marched out of the House with the idea of morally pulverising him. He was not speaking to them in any event, but to the public through the newspapers, and if they missed his epigrams it was largely their own personal loss.

booty, but in such an up-to-date country as America these things are no doubt regarded as antiquities.

"East is east, and west is west,
And never the twain shall meet,"
says the poet, but apparently it is not so with north and south. A contemporary, writing of the situation at Posen, states that the Germans "can make no stand against the steadily advancing Poles."

The Party that objects to Chinese labour in Johannesburg is shocked at the Government's attempt to limit pauper alien immigration in this country. At first it seems inconsistent, but a moment's thought will show that it is nothing of the kind. The Liberals are "against the Government" in each instance.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The recent seizure of a music pirate's plant caused a great sensation at the Bank of England, it being stated that the plates seized were ready for printing millions of forged notes.

A correspondent points out that a morning contemporary reported the arrival of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Port Arthur. The Far East is apparently not so very far away after all.

The weather prepared by the Meteorological Office for the Easter holidays should satisfy everybody. It is many years since such a comprehensive and varied programme has been placed before the public.

At an East End inquest a doctor declared that death was due to alcoholic-multiple-peripheral-neuritis. Surely a pretty and appropriate test-word which might be offered to suspects at the police station as an alternative to "British constitution."

It was stated at Stratford that a prisoner charged with attempted suicide was a heavy drinker. As the records of the case included a big dose of carbolic acid and a tumblerful of mustard and water, there seems to have been some foundation for the allegation.

Mr. B. Lehman, the Texas inventor, says he has invented a machine which will supersede the silkworm. The apparatus chews up and digests mulberry leaves, and then spins silk. Experts say this story is the best thing that Mr. Lehman has invented for some time.

A tragic occurrence is reported from Possiet Bay, where a whale, having been mistaken by a floating mine for a Japanese submarine, met with an extremely messy death. The body was washed ashore, and there is now plenty of food for the Russian garrison at this point.

The "Weekly Dispatch" is asking its readers to decide on which half-dozen actor-managers Sir Henry Irving's mantle will fall. It is a happy thought, because the selection of six gentlemen tends to allay jealousy, and the mantle is quite big enough to cover at least that number.

Salem, Mass., has been horrified by the discovery that all its original ordinances up to 1898, including the criminal code and the gas and water franchises, have apparently been stolen. It might puzzle some people to think what the thief could want with such

No matter what precise season of the year Easterly may chance to fall, you shall find the small husbandman who dwells in the suburbs busily at work on Good Friday. Spring is ahead and well nigh; there may be snowstorms about, but the crocus is up and doing.

Now is the time when the small householder looks through the catalogue books of the various seed-mERCHANTS. You may have ten square yards of garden in a suburb of Balham? but it is land. You plant some mustard and cress. You have, therefore, a stake in the land. And a stake in the land, as the phrase goes, has been the ambition of every Englishman since the abolition of the feudal system. Incidentally it is precisely this innate love of possessing territory which has led to so many tragedies of fraud which seem to be mostly resultant from the formation of Building Societies.

The householder who wisely decides to spend his holidays at home becomes at this season instantly a husbandman. Every man's own gardener is his motto. To-morrow hundreds of these disciples of Cincinnati will be, metaphorically speaking, at the plough. Only the plough is very frequently a euphemism for a small trowel or an inefficient spade. Easter has come and it is time to arrange the garden for the forthcoming summer.

We cannot all go in for gardening on the large scale. As the editor of Cassell's "Popular Gardening" (of which the first number is just to hand) says, we cannot forget that the art of gardening is many-sided. The great florists' flowers like roses, chrysanthemums, dahlias, carnations, and begonias have all advanced. And, again, bulbous flowers—especially daffodils, lilies and irises—aquatic plants and orchids are yearly developing. Gardening throbs with virile activity, and he who potters about over his herbaceous plants, or his little radish-bed, is as keen as the worker on a larger scale, who grafts his fruit trees in April, layers his carnations in August, and stores his Dubliners in October.

The love of the man for the soil and its almost automatic produce is in reality a very beautiful thing. It is a primal instinct. You may smile as you watch a patriarch of the suburbs wrestling with stones in his earth-pit; yet, if he should succeed in rearing so much as a single turnip, he is a happy man. The earth gives back to him the value of his labour with interest. And it is really astonishing to witness what results can be obtained from a very small garden indeed. A few seeds sown under glass in spring and pro-

tected by a piece of matting from chance frosts, and, behold, you have reared an Alpine plant of delicate beauty. The lettuce, too, and the artichoke that is labelled Jerusalem; the sunflower, creepers of various kinds, geraniums—all these delights are within the reach of the man who has a few yards of land of his own.

Gardening, on however small a scale, is a healthful and engrossing pastime, and it is a very cheap, if occasionally painful, form of exercise. Do not laugh at Mr. Smith of Suburbia, as he labours willingly in his garden. Gardening does him a great deal of good.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

RUBBISHY MUSIC.

To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.
In answer to "Mus. Doc.'s" inquiry as to the reason of restaurant orchestras playing such music as "Hiawatha," "Sammy," "My Little Canoe," etc., we would point out that the managers of such places, being business men, naturally give their customers the music they ask for.

There is no doubt that at the present time selections from musical comedies such as those above mentioned are the pieces mostly in demand.

L. LOWTHER AND CO.,
74, Florence-road, Finsbury Park.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

Everybody has been making a great pothes about the greatness of Mr. Edward Elgar—"England's one composer," he has been called. I wonder how many of those who listened to his magnificent "Apostles" at Covent Garden recently realised that Mr. Elgar also wrote a little trifle for orchestra called "Salut d'Amour," which is whistled by street boys in Naples, played everywhere throughout the world, and in the repertoire of nearly every competent orchestra. Yet the greatness of Dr. Elgar's more serious work is, in essence, no greater than the workmanship of this melodious little love serenade. There are many different kinds of good music.

Berkeley-street. C. L. G.

BANK HOLIDAYS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*).
Is it not time that the question of the advisability of Bank Holidays should now be gone thoroughly into? I am not a peevish man, but I do resent having to take my holidays at the same time as everybody else. It was absurd to fix dates for the practically compulsory upheaval of every man's home. I came here for rest; tourists are everywhere, and you meet everyone you don't want to meet. Let everybody fix his own holiday at his own time.

G. R. S. Brighton.

TO-MORROW BEING GOOD FRIDAY

The
"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR"

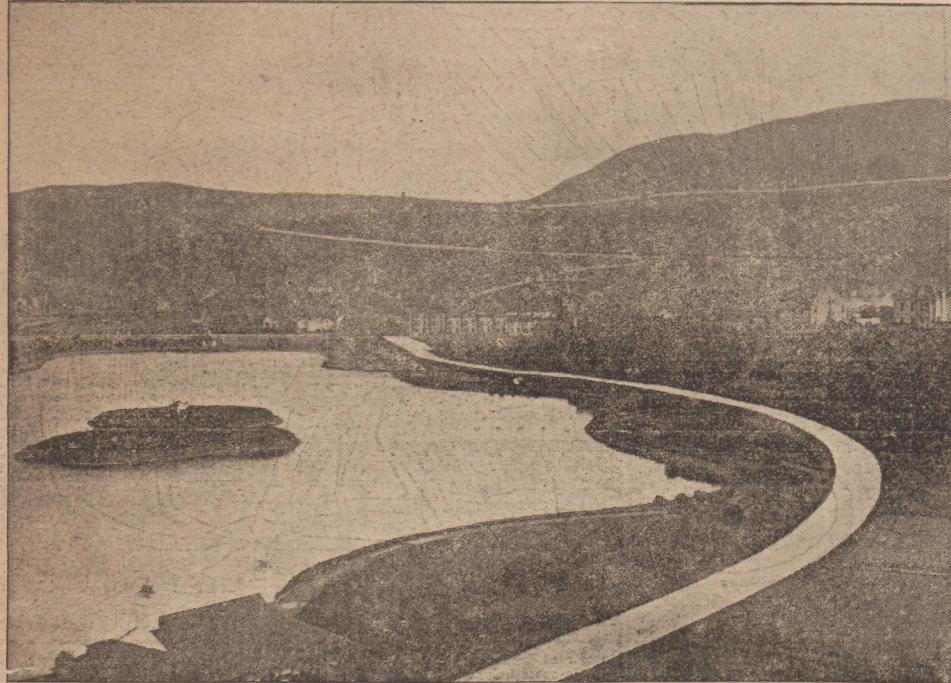
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SPECIAL EASTER FEATURES

in Saturday's Number and on
Easter Monday.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

WINDING MOTOR TRACK IN THE ISLE OF MAN.



The serpentine road in this illustration that rises from Ramsey Bay up among the hills represents a portion of the track over which the motoring trials will be run on May 10 in the Isle of Man. The object of the races, or "eliminating trials," is to settle which shall be the three British cars to run in the Gordon-Bennett races in Germany.

WELL-REMEMBERED IN LONDON.

One of America's funniest comedians has just died in New York in the person of Mr. Dan Daly, whose name to Londoners is synonymous with Ichabod Bronson in "The Belle of New York." Mr. Daly, who has left the world's stage at forty years of age, was one of a family of nine, all dramatic stars. He was born in "the hub," Boston, and was eight years old when he made his first appearance in Charlestown.

Many years of touring with a variety company,

with occasional pantomime engagements, were succeeded by his entrance into the legitimate drama. His family were with him in this new line. It is on record, that in a piece called "Vacation" he walked on in company with eight brother and sister Dalys. His English debut was gratifying, in the extreme. Lovers of musical comedy have seldom been treated to anything more screamingly funny than his representation of the fantastic Bronson.

His attempts to play serious parts on the occasions were distinct failures. People laughed till their sides ached at his efforts at decorum.



Four pieces of Maundy money—the royal alms which are distributed at Westminster to-day.

girl, they woo her with grins, and talk humorously about her when she has consented to become theirs. Some of them gad about humorously together for a primrose month or so, then there is a more or less humorous and altogether trivial difference. This the men explain with a grin at their clubs, and it is no more thought of.



Miss Marion Winchester has arranged a further six weeks' engagement at the Palace Theatre. Miss Winchester regards high kicking as a high art, and her repertory comprises a great variety of captivating dances. She is styled the "champion toe-dancer of America." Miss Winchester has just taken a fine mansion in Hanover-square.

[Photo for the "Mirror."]



There are no finer ventriloquists on the variety stage than Tom Edwards, who is booked for three years at music halls of note in the United Kingdom. Audiences roar with laughter at his sketch with his dummy, "Curly, the original newspaper boy."

[Photo by Preston.]

THE UNLOVELY LOVER.

Not content with criticising the Scot and "Lovely Woman," Mr. Crostrand has now turned his attention to "Unlovely Man." It seems hardly necessary to state his opinions are the reverse of complimentary.

The present-day lovers, he thinks, are cursed with a blazing sense of humour. They meet a



MISS KITTY LOFTUS,

who is shortly to begin at Terry's Theatre. This is a new photograph of the vivacious actress, who has been styled the "darling of the gods."

[Photo by Ellis and Walery.]

A handsome variety on M
grace and beauty it rive
[For]

STALK



This remarkable cluse
nurseries anywhere co
Photo by]



The beautiful youth
shadow, might be to
Photo for]

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LOVER.

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s are the reverse of

thinks, are cursed
tour. They meet a

"SIR WATKIN."



A handsome variety on Mr. Bath's flower farm. In grace and beauty it rivals the choicest orchid.
[From photo for the "Mirror."]

A FIELD OF NODDING DAFFODILS.



These three people are standing knee-deep in a field of beautiful double white narcissi at the village of Whaplode, near Spalding. The elderly man on the right has lived all his days among flowers, and like the poet Wordsworth, he loves the "laughing daffodils."
[Photo for the "Mirror."]

A GORGEOUS NARCISSUS.



It deserves the name it bears, "The Glory of Nordwyk." This lovely bloom is grown on the celebrated Bath's nursery, and belongs to the "trumpet" variety.
[Photo for the "Mirror."]

STALK THAT CARRIES 145 EASTER LILIES.



This remarkable cluster of lilies, all clinging around one stem, constitutes a floral rarity. Few nurseries anywhere could boast a rival to this stalk, either in the quality or the quantity of the blooms.
[Shepsone, Clapham Common.]

THE LILY QUEEN OF EASTERTIDE.



This fair creature of the sun is a new kind of Bermudian Easter lily. It possesses little of the modest mien that marks the majority of lilies, and might well be vain of its beauty.
[Photo by Shepsone, Clapham Common.]



The beautiful youth, Narcissus, who fell in love with his own shadow, might be forgiven if he was half as fair as the flower grown by Mr. Bath.
[Photo for the "Mirror."]



A more delightful occupation could not well be imagined than that in which these people are engaged. They are gathering flowers for the wholesale market, and thousands of buttonholes will be adorned thereby during the Easter holidays. Dr. Stiles is seen on the left affectionately bunching his favourites.
[Photo for the "Mirror."]

DFTUS,
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by Ellis and Watery.

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at Westminster
[Hounslow.]



Iwards, who is
Audiences
newspaper boy,"
Blackburn.

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

Oswald Drummond: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.

Miles Farmiloe: A scoundrel who went through a mock marriage with Pauline. He was arrested for arson and murder, but escaped and was shot dead by Pauline's husband.

Cynthia Graham: Just a pretty, lovable English girl.

Pauline Woodruffe: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband's temper, and to her secret marriage with Miles Farmiloe.

Sir George Graham: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.

John Woodruffe: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.

Arthur Stanton: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham. Has disappeared.

Fabian Griswold: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.

Inspector Wright: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER XL. (continued.)

The malignity in the man's eyes frightened Pauline, yet she made a brave fight for her dignity.

"It was indeed a most terrible tragedy," she said, "and one which it will be impossible for any of us to forget. The murder of our poor uncle has cast a black, seemingly impenetrable curtain over our lives. The affair in Stanhope-street—the awful way in which the man Farmiloe met his death—all the terrible chain of accidents have made my poor husband quite ill—changed him altogether. We look to the quiet here to restore him."

Griswold's thin lips curved in a sneer, but he had his voice in admirable control; it was tuned now to the rôle of sympathetic consoler. He moved a little nearer Pauline.

"Our friend Farmiloe was brave to indiscretion, was he not?" he murmured, familiarly. "The idea of seeking refuge in the house of your husband has something of the audacity of genius about it; but it was genius in its apogee—his conduct after succeeding in concealing himself showed the beginning of his decline."

His eyes met Pauline's. She felt the strong and immediate necessity for speech, yet she could find no words, and had no defined thought beyond a vague desire that this man would leave her.

Griswold smiled urbanely at her. He realised her inward confusion.

"Ah, yes," he said, softly. "Poor Farmiloe; his was the bravery of a desperate, almost demented man. I do not doubt that many before him, taking their lives in their hands, have risked them gladly in the hope of gaining such reward."

Pauline fluttered the leaves of a little spangled fan which hung suspended from her waist; she met the speaker's eyes bravely enough, trying to read his meaning in them. To the ordinary listener, acquainted with the broad facts of the case, the man's words might have been intended to convey a compliment, odious, familiarly vulgar, yet still a compliment. To Pauline herself such seemed at first his meaning, yet there was a mocking, menacing look which belied any such suggestion. She raised her beautiful brows in surprised interrogation.

"You do not grasp my meaning?" he asked, as if amazed at such obtuseness. "I mean that many men must have baptised my beautiful emerald with their blood!"

A moment's reflection gave Pauline back her audacity.

"Your emerald?" she murmured, with well-simulated astonishment.

"My beautiful lost gem. My prize, to regain possession of which I am prepared to go far. Ah, it was a prize, wasn't it—too great a one to forego easily."

"Your gem?" she repeated softly. "I am afraid I do not understand. Did you lose an emerald, too?"

Griswold threw back his head and laughed long in his peculiar, silent fashion. "Very pretty, excellent, excellent!" Upon my word, my dear lady, you have both talent and courage. To refresh your memory, however, the emerald to which your lover, who was shot dramatically and appropriately to see you in disguise from your house in Stanhope-street,

Pauline interrupted him haughtily. "You forget yourself, Mr. Griswold, I think," she said coldly. "It is surely indiscreet to make such singular statements. Mr. Farmiloe was not my lover, and when my husband shot at a man who had entered his house burglariously, he had no idea that the person in question was any relative of mine, or the man who, rightly or wrongly, had been suspected of my uncle's murder."

Griswold ignored her interruption. She paused for breath, and his words flowed on. "The emerald which you stole from Berkeley-square, on the night your uncle was murdered—the emerald which you placed in the desk belonging, as you imagined to young Stanton, your sister's lover—the emerald which for a consideration I—"

"Stop, stop!" Pauline had thrust her hands to her ears to shut out the swift torrent of his words, but they beat on her brain nevertheless. She turned towards Griswold, entreaty in every line of her face, in every curve of her beautiful figure. But there was more in her face than entreaty—shame and fear, and a hatred which shone, in spite of herself, through them both.

Griswold saw it and was amused, as a cruel keeper might be amused at the drawn-back lip and exposed teeth of a securely-caged tiger.

"Yes, it has had a bit of a history, that emerald," he said smoothly. "But the main fact of its history that stands out and interests me at

the moment is that it is mine, mine by right of finding, by right of conquest—by every right you care to mention, and—I want it back. Back, d'y'e understand?"

Pauline, sitting stiffly upright, cold and other, looked at him blankly. All his insults, every other fear, seemed in some mysterious way to be blotted out by the reverberation of this insistent word.

"How can you want it back?" she murmured through her white lips. "It was not really yours, or mine—it is certainly beyond your reach now!"

"Is it?" he asked, in a voice which was cold and hard as ice.

"It seems so; yes—it most certainly is," she said confusedly, and repeated her words again as though the sound of them gave her some inward satisfaction, were a rock of safety to which she could cling.

Griswold got up from his seat on an Austrian bent-wood chair and came over to the couch on which Pauline sat. He stood over her for a moment, almost as though he meditated physical violence, then thinking better of the impulse, whatever it had been, he moved away and reseated himself in the chair before her.

"You're not much of a woman," he said, with a contemptuous click of his teeth. "What a fool I was to think that you would prove a good custodian for such a thing! Yet I did think it, mind you, and argued that it had fascinated you enough to stoop to theft for its sake in your possession, which would stick to it like grim death. But I admit it frankly!" He drew in a long breath, and leaning forward in his chair touched her lightly on the knee with his forefinger. "Come, out with the truth. Let me give it to you?"

A faint quiver passed over Pauline's face, but she did not speak. He would gain no more admissions from her, if she could avoid it.

The man was nettled by her silence. "Can't you speak? God! I believe you gave it to him after all!" He shrugged his shoulders, and flung back his head like an irritated bull. "Lord, you can never fathom the heart of a woman—forecast her actions. To think that you, after all you suffered—after struggling through such uncommon dirty water to dry land—to think that you'd be weak enough to listen to his plausibilities, and give the beautiful, green, living thing to him!" His voice sank caressingly almost to a whisper.

Pauline bent forward to him. "No, no," she said harshly, repudiating the suggestion angrily. Simple as the man's words were, they conjured up vividly before her eyes the beautiful stone, upon which, in her love for it, she had pressed her lips that afternoon in the boudoir in Stanhope-street; the thing whose evil fascination was so great that the parting with it had weighed her down more than the treachery to her sister when she had placed it in Arthur Stanton's rooms.

"You did not give it to him? Come, play the game—speak. How could he get it? You kept it about you, I fancied."

She shook her head. "No, I had put it away—in a secret place. I was afraid that anyone would see it—take it away. But he—he was more than a man. He must have divined its hiding-place!" She stopped abruptly, realising how completely she had given herself away.

"Ah, yes; he had a keen scent for what was valuable," he said, half up himself, and got up and walked a few slow paces up and down the room, returning once more, this time to seat himself beside her on the couch. "You were among his first most valuable possessions, I suppose?" he said softly.

She drew away from him with swift repugnance, tasting to the full the humiliation of her position, which forbade her the protection of her husband from this man's insolence.

"All, you are very angry, I see," he said quietly. "More angry than you have any right to be. It is natural, perhaps, for you to deny that Miles Farmiloe was your lover, Mrs. Woodruffe," he said slowly; "but it seems to me in a high degree

probable that you would give much, very much, at the present time to be able to prove that he stood in a nearer relationship to you."

Pauline started to her feet. She could stand the man's insolence no longer. From him at least, now that the worst had come, she had nothing to gain or lose. "You are insufferable!" she cried. "I cannot conceive for what reason you have forced your presence upon me."

Griswold said nothing, but with a gesture of command tapped the seat of the sofa from which she had risen.

"Please go away," she said, a little weakly.

"Please sit down," he said, in exact imitation of her manner. "I have not come to France for the mere pleasure of looking at you, charming as you are, my dear Mrs. Woodruffe. I have come with very distinct business intentions—to discuss a subject, a definite subject, upon the fringe of which we have barely touched."

"I can discuss nothing," she protested, losing her head in her anxiety to be rid of him.

He smiled with a superior air, and again tapped the couch with his broad fingers. "My dear lady, I should have thought that you were wiser than the majority of your sex, that you would understand the profound futility of dashing your head against a stone wall. I have come to France upon a very natural and laudable mission—the desire to recover from you a certain valuable emerald which, with an indiscretion I am more than ready to admit, I entrusted to your keeping some time ago."

Pauline sat down, realising the hopelessness of further parley. "You have come upon a useless quest," she said, ignoring all concealment. "You know, as well as I do, that the emerald has passed beyond my power or keeping. It belonged to Mr. Drummond, and has passed by inheritance to—my sister."

"Precisely," he said slyly. "Having passed to your son, it is in his family, so to speak of access, no doubt—offering no difficulty to—a ready-witted and deft-fingered lady who might wish to restore it to its rightful owner."

Pauline started away from him as though he had struck her. "Do you think me so dense as not to see what the plain English of this is? You would incite me to rob my sister? I thank you for your estimate of me; it is a natural one enough, perhaps, being the man you are, and imagining the things you imagine, but, thank heaven, I have not sunk as low as that!"

"Yes," he insinuated softly.

There was such cool, diabolical assurance in Griswold's voice that it froze Pauline's protestations upon her lips. He laid his hand on her arm, not cruelly, but with the firm grip which was perhaps a hint of what might follow. "Now, it's about time to stop fooling," he said. "You've had your innings, now I'm going to take the field. No, no interruptions! You've got to play the game, woman or no woman. Now, I'm what you might call an ambitious man; you, having a spice of feeling in you, should sympathise with me; and all my life long—that's to say, since I've had any life to speak of—I've had one ambition before me—something which stood out, so to speak, before all the others; and that was to gain possession of the Lao emerald. I had a jolly good fight for it, I can tell you, but for all my money I didn't manage it. Your uncle was the lucky man; he gained it—the devil knows how—but by some power which was not money. It's singular, ain't it, that there should be any power greater than money? But at odd times one knocks up against it—and gets hurt. Anyhow, it passed into Oswald Drummond's possession, from his to—" he smiled evilly—"yours, and then, by a piece of the devil's very own luck, it just leaped, as it were, into mine. You know the rest, don't you? Every man has one side of him which is a fool, and for a time lately the fool's side has been uppermost in me—since I got to know your sister Cynthia, that's to say. So, acting on the directions of my diseased brain, I gave the emerald

back to you for a bit, thinking you were going to help me in my suit, and what's the result? You let a confounded cadger, an unprincipled ruffian, a thief, murderer, heaven knows what, steal it from you; but"—he swore softly beneath his breath—"I don't intend to lose it, I can tell you that. You've got to get it back—worn it out of your sister by some means or other. Then, when we are married, don't you see, it will be hers again."

Pauline's tongue clicked against her teeth contemptuously. "I am afraid both your ambitions are doomed to disappointment," she said maliciously. "Cynthia will never marry you, you may set your mind completely at rest upon that score. As for the emerald, thank God for it, it is securely locked up at Cynthia's bankers'."

He nodded slowly. "Just waiting for me, dear Mrs. Woodruffe. But I am afraid your unfriendly destiny carries you away. I should not be surprised, not in the least surprised, if I succeeded sooner than you think in making good my engagement with Miss Graham. But it is not of that I came to speak. From what I can see, your championship is likely to do me more harm than good. No, it is really only to the emerald we must confide ourselves. How do you propose setting to work?"

Pauline laughed. "I do not propose setting to work at all," she said, "unless it is to try and forget. Miles Farmiloe is dead now, you must remember."

"I see," murmured Griswold, softly. "I see. You think then that my hold over you is gone, that the excellent Woodruffe is too doting a husband to indulge in retrospective jealousy. Oh, yes! But, if he guessed that the man he shot was your lover, whom you were concealing beneath his very roof, I hardly fancy it would please him, eh? No, really, Mrs. Woodruffe, on consideration, do you honestly believe my hold on you to be removed?" He eyed her very keenly, and she met his glance with one of bitter derision.

"I am afraid," she said, with an intonation of ironic sympathy, "sadly afraid, Mr. Griswold, that fate is against you, in this particular matter, at any rate. I do not know how much of my past life has been laid open to you, but I do know that every day of it has now been laid bare before the eyes of my husband."

Griswold looked at her with a certain admiration. "Really, she is blushing magnificently. Had he not been in possession of facts she would have completely deceived him." "Everything?" he queried softly. "Dear me, how distressing for poor Woodruffe! How does he bear it?"

In her moment of triumph, so she felt, she could afford to be insolent. Pauline held her hand on the little bell which stood on the table by the head of the couch. "I believe he bore it excellently," she said, "would you care to see him?" So far, at least, she trusted her husband to avenge their common honour.

Griswold made a little detaining gesture. "Not for a moment," he said. "I just want to ask you one question—so impertinently—merely as a student of human nature. How did he take the Stanton episode—was he not furious—for Cynthia's sake?"

His smile was a leer. Pauline stood arrested, her hand on the bell. His words had extinguished the fire in her eyes. She stood by the table, a conquered, pathetic figure, and Griswold, leaning back against the soft cushions of the couch, laughed. "Really, Mrs. Woodruffe, please excuse my vulgarity, but it is delightful to be able to take the starch out of a woman like you! You see, in fighting a man like myself, it is always advisable to first ascertain precisely how much he knows. Come on, then, don't bear any malice. Sit down and listen to me quietly, and I'll tell you how I expect you to help me to get the emerald back. Then, if we're successful, who knows that Fabian Griswold, bully as he is, may not be able to help to smooth out the matrimonial tangles of the excellently high and mighty John Woodruffe?"

To be continued on Saturday.

For the Holidays (and after).



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How Joint Authors of Plays Divide Their Work and Write in Collaboration.

"It takes nine tailors to make a man" is an aphorism with which everyone is familiar. How many men it will eventually take to make a play, he would be a bold man who would guess. "Sunday," to be produced by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry at the Comedy Theatre on April 2, is a new departure, for, though apparently the work of a single individual, Mr. Thomas Raceward, the author in question is really like the famous fat man, Will Waddle, "three single gentlemen rolled into one."

They are all members of Mr. Wilson Barrett's company—Mr. T. Wigney Percival, Mr. Horace Hodges, and Mr. Edward Irwin—and may have become enamoured of play-writing, and even of collaboration, by the example of their popular manager, who has been associated with Mr. Hall Caine, among other people, in the production of plays which have achieved a notable success on the stage of the world.

Even Shakespeare Himself.

Dramatic work written by more than one hand is not so very modern, for Shakespeare is known to have taken the groundwork of some of his plays for some of his dramas—which is collaboration of a sort—while Beaumont and Fletcher probably wrote better together than they did apart.

The number of authors to-day who invariably write in double harness, so to speak, is remarkable.

Mostly, the collaborators are men. Mr. Murray Carson and Mr. Louis N. Parker are responsible for "Rosemary," produced by Sir Charles Wyndham.

declared that he spent his time patching up their quarrels.

"I refuse to write another line with you," A would exclaim, jumping up from his side of the table, and throwing down the pen in a perfect frenzy of rage.

"And if you want the play finished you can do it yourself," B would cry, "for I have written the last word I ever mean to write with you," and down would go his pen on his side of the table.

Then the mollifying influence of the manager would be brought to bear, and all the diplomacy of which he was capable would be expended on the



MR. MURRAY CARSON and Mr. Louis N. Parker have worked well together. "We have never had the slightest disagreement," says Mr. Murray Carson. (Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.)

situation, with the result that the two enemies would once more "shake hands and swear brothers," only to go through the same scene again and again until the play was finished.

Apparently the collaborating dramatists of to-day are of a less querulous (or should one say less impetuous?) disposition than those of the story, for Mr. Murray Carson, who has had so wide an experience, said to a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*: "This much I may say, that in all my collaborating work my partners and I have always maintained the pleasantest and most delightful relations possible. So far from squabbling, we have never had the slightest disagreement as to the relative portions of the work we have each done, and have been quite content to let the master stand as our joint production."

Mr. Carson's Method.

As to how the work itself is done, and the exact portion each contributes, Mr. Carson says: "It is difficult to define exactly what part of a finished play belongs to one collaborator and what part belongs to the other. In an article I once wrote on the subject of collaboration in the 'Theatre Magazine' I put it in a humorous fashion that Mr. Parker wrote the plays and I shared the fees. This has actually been taken seriously by some people. Without going too deeply into detail, my partners will admit that the initial idea of every play with which my name is associated, with one exception, has always been started by me. Such story and characters as our plays have had have been, at the outset, mine."

"I am perfectly prepared to admit, however, if necessary, that the single-handed dramatist is a better man than he who works in collaboration.



MISS "CLO" GRAVES and Miss Gertrude Kingston have been amiable collaborators, well-matched in "The Matchmakers." (Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.)

ham, and "The Termagant," done by Miss Olga Nethersole; Mr. Carson and Mr. Malcolm Watson dramatised "Captain Kettle"; Mr. Carson and Mr. Max Beerbohm wrote "The Fly on the Wheel"; Mr. Malcolm Watson and the author who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of "Foxybo" of Aldwych have produced a new play for Miss Ada Reeve; Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Parker are responsible for Mr. George Alexander's new play, "Sister to Monday." Other joint authors are Mr. Max Pemberton and Mr. Addison Bright; Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Leonard Merrick; Mr. Sims and the late Henry Pettit and Robert Buchanan, and "Richard Henry," a name which conceals the identity of Mr. Richard Butler, the editor of the "Referee," and Mr. H. Chance Newton, a member of the staff of that paper.

Well Matched.

Occasionally two women collaborate, witness the partnership of Miss "Clo" Graves and Miss Gertrude Kingston in "The Matchmaker" and Miss Graves and Mrs. Oscar Beringer in "Katherine Kenanagh."

At other times it is a man and a woman, as in the case of Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Murray Carson, who did "The Bishop's Move" for Mr. Bourchier, Miss Nora Keith and Mr. Carson, who have produced two or three plays, Miss Harriet Jay and the late Robert Buchanan, and Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, or Agnes and Egerton Castle, as they elect to be known. The last named are the authors of "The Silent Orchard," produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, and of seven books, two or three of which have been dramatised, and have been produced with success in America, notably "The Pride of Jennie" and "The Bath Comedy," the latter of which has been prominent in the present New York season.

And how, it may be asked, do two people manage to work together to produce a play?

The veil which concealed the method of two popular authors was once lifted by a manager, who

"I will never write another play with you," has been remarked more than once by a collaborator to his partner. It takes two heads to knock against each other. (Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.)

Still, I would rather be part owner or producer of a fine piece of work which owes its origin to collaboration than be entirely responsible for something which is not quite so good. The exception to the rule of my starting the initial idea is, I need hardly say, the dramatisation with Mr. Malcolm Watson of "Captain Kettle," which we produced at the Adelphi Theatre.

Absorb more Oxygen and Live

Life or Death

Cut out and keep this advertisement for future reference, as you will certain to need it some day.

The Choice is yours

OXYDONOR

THE OXYDONOR is the most useful of all recent scientific discoveries and the most practical. This instrument when attached causes the body to attract and absorb increased supplies of natural oxygen from the air. This revives the blood and stimulates every organ to such increased energy as to once check the progress of disease, and the vigorous vitality so produced enables the blood to free itself of all impurities and disease germs utilising the oxygen thus absorbed. The Oxydonor is especially valuable in cases of acute fevers, as the increased supply of oxygen having cleansed the system the purified blood is enabled, by its increased vigor, to eliminate through the organs such germs as form the roots of disease or directly cause it. This explains why the OXYDONOR is effective in nearly every disease. **APPLIED AT A REASONABLY DURABLE STAGGER**. The Oxydonor is easily applied and remains in position for hours. It is safe, attractive, and comfortable to wear. In acute fevers its action is noticeable in from 10 to 40 minutes, and no danger need be feared when once the Oxydonor has been applied. Oxydonor has been fully and successfully tested in all diseases.

Write at once for full information and Dr. H. Sanchez's books post free from—

H. Sanchez & Co., Dept. G II, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Taken in time

A disease neglected inevitably means health lost. No one can afford to be ill. Sickness is costly, painful, and dangerous. When you commence to feel run down, give Nature a friendly lift. Help it to throw off the impurities that clog the system. There is nothing like

BEECHAM'S PILLS

save
dangerous
ills.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, price 1s. 1½d. (56 pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 pills).

SPRING NUMBER

WITH
73 ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIVE CHARMING PLATES.



"I will never write another play with you," has been remarked more than once by a collaborator to his partner. It takes two heads to knock against each other. (Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.)

ON SALE TO-DAY.

1/- At All Booksellers.

1/-

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST FOR WOMEN.

ADJUNCTS OF DRESS.

The lovely lace gown sketched below is a perfect model, and should fill those who want to make new evening toilettes, or to work their will upon successful renovations, with splendid ideas.

Swathed round the pointed corsage, to form a bertha, a scarf of lace appears, while more lace

forms the sleeves, caught together by roses, and on the left shoulder, completed by a single large rose. In the hair its match is seen gracing the charmingly-dressed coiffure above the left ear. Even if a lace skirt were not forthcoming, the corsage might be trimmed in this way, and economically-disposed girls would find it lovely with a black satin gown, and really smart, too. Among the spring novelties there is a crushed velvet

girdle buttoned with turquoise buttons placed right in the middle of the front, while at the back there are tabs buttoned to the belt with turquoise. One of the daintiest of useful oddities is a wide belt of silver ribbon, fastened in the middle of the front with a buckle of green gold, in which are set large green stones of dubious value but distinct effect. At the back there is a long green slide. Again, on the counters devoted to belts there is

fully the flour and other ingredients and at intervals stir in the eggs, which must be well beaten. Then continue beating until you can pull the lumps of dough out without their sticking to the basin. Cover the basin again with paper, and put it in a warm place till the surface is covered with little cracks; it will take about an hour and a half to rise.

Have ready some flat, greased baking-tins. Shape the mixture into round balls, and place them at a good distance from each other on the tin. Mark a cross on the top of each.

This quantity will make twenty-two buns. Place the tins of shaped buns in a warm place for about twenty minutes, or until they are half as large again, then bake in a quick oven for about half an hour. The fruit may be left out if preferred.



The finer the lace, the more to be admired fashion finds it this season. Favourite laces are Brussels, Alencon, Valenciennes, and Malines.

OUR BRIDGE CORNER.

By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

THE GREAT TOURNAMENT.

COUPON No. 9.

By J. B. ELWELL.

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FOOLISH FISH AND THE MATRIMONIAL NET.

Some Remarkable Letters Actually Written by Imprudent Girls in Answer to a Bogus Advertisement for a Wife.

Our request for information throwing light on the dangers of matrimonial advertisements has met with a quick reply, and we have received from a correspondent a packet of over fifty letters, answers to a matrimonial advertisement.

Our correspondent writes that, actuated purely by curiosity to discover the class of people who answered such advertisements, he inserted an advertisement in the columns of a Sunday newspaper.

The results of that advertisement are now in our hands.

Only five letters in the whole number have any appearance of not being genuine. The tone of two

I am tall, fair, pass as good-looking, domesticated, of a respectable family, my age is 24.

Sir, should my application meet with your approval, kindly answer at your earliest convenience—I Am, Sir, your strictest correspondent,

The great ambition of obtaining a "home" shows clearly in all the letters; the husband is only the means to an end.

Dear Sir,—Having read your Matrimonial advert. in the —, and wishing to make a home for myself, I should very much like to meet you. I am companion to a lady here, but my home is in Birkshire. . . P.S.—You

sister-in-law, and should be very glad to meet with a good partner. An early reply will oblige. Truly yours,

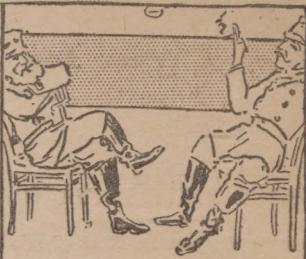
To such a man as Crossman the following letter would indicate an easy victim:

Miss G.—would like to meet advertiser. She is slight, fair, brown hair, grey eyes, and middle-height; by some considered pretty; has a small income. If advertiser would like, Miss G.—would be delighted to keep any appointment any afternoon next week between five and six.

Several of the letters contain photographs, which, however, are not of a high order of beauty, and have in more than one case been taken for many years.

Apart from the tragic possibilities of this feminine simplicity, it is impossible to suppress a smile at the

THE TERRIBLE MOUSE.



YAWNING FOR A FIGHT.



Here the Japanese cartoonist depicts the impatience of his countrymen to take a bite at the Bear. Their hopes are plainly founded upon a sense of naval supremacy.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a Japanese cartoon.]

might come to — and I could meet you at the station.

It seems almost incredible that, on the strength of a brief advertisement, any woman could write such letters as the following:

Sir,—Having seen your advertisement in the —, I beg to offer myself to you in matrimony. My age is twenty-five. Height 5ft. 7in., tall, thin, good-looking, inclined to be dark—Your spinster,

In answer to your advertisement in the —, as regards wanting to correspond with lady, view matrimony, I write offering myself as your wife. . . . I am living with my brother and

directness with which several of the correspondents apply for the position of wife. One feels that the writer of the following would be prepared to arrive, savings in hand, at any church to which she were bidden:

Seeing you are in want of a Young Lady, I apply for the situation, hoping you are not engaged. I also am tall and dark, and I hope very affectionate. Should this meet your approval, an early answer would be kindness itself. And if you will send me a photo of yourself, I will return the compliment.

Another, the longest in the whole bundle, is one of the saddest things imaginable. It is the letter of a young girl, a pupil at a school of cookery in London, who, from sheer loneliness, has taken the desperate step of writing to a man of whom she knows nothing.

She describes herself as being twenty years of age, but to judge from her letter she is much younger. She begins formally and stiffly, keeping the fact that she is answering an advertisement well

before her mind. As the letter continues her shyness wears off; she has already found a friend. She chatters about her relations—who they are, where they live. Her own school life follows.

Then comes the reason for the loneliness:—
I have been in London since last July. I want to be independent and do something for myself. I got tired of living at home doing nothing. Surely it is needless to point out the danger further than quoting such a letter as this.

JAP ASTRIDE THE BEAR.



This cartoon illustrates the Japanese conception of how the war will end. The valiant ally of Great Britain will get on the Bear's back and do as he pleases with him.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a Japanese cartoon.]

"ILLUSTRATED MAIL"

INCLUDE

Diving for the Lost Submarine,
Cambridge Winning the Boat Race,
The Late Sir Edwin Arnold,
The Queen's 4½d. Dinner.

"ILLUSTRATED MAIL."

One penny. Everywhere.

Before the war the Jap respected his enemy and held him in a measure of dread. Now he claims to have won the world over to his side. The cartoonist illustrates this sentiment by making the fierce fight melt away to the proportions of a French poodle.

Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a Japanese cartoon.

of these is rather questionable, and one appears to have been written by a man.

The advertisement inserted was:—

GENTLEMAN, aged 30, tall, dark, travelled, small private means, wishes to correspond with lady, with view to matrimony.—Jack Box.

Lack of education is a marked characteristic of the letters.

The following is a typical example:—

Sir,—

In looking at (matrimonial column of today's —)

I see by it you wish to meet a young lady with view to marriage.

I now take the pleasure in answering your advertisement, as a refusal will not offend.

OLD-FASHIONED NORTHAMPTON.

Milleray Wins the Earl Spencer's Plate for Mr. H. J. Newman—Probably the Last Race of the Name at Northampton.

SPECIAL NOTES BY "GREY FRIARS."

JUPITER PLUVIUS' CHANCE.

Weather Conditions That Ought to Suit Mr. Arthur James' Horse To-day.

NORTHAMPTON, Wednesday.

Visitors to Northampton found an extraordinary mélange of weather—sunshine, hail, rain, sleet, and snow swinging in at intervals in a most uncomfortable way. Nevertheless the attendance all round was very good. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild had his usual Ascot party, and several local gentlemen interested in the Pytchley Hunt entertained many guests in the buildings adjoining the course. In the Rothschild party were the host, Lord Crewe, Lord and Lady Lurgan, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sassoone, Mr. Hugh Owen, Mr. Evelyn, and Mr. Anthony Rothschild.

The wretched weather spoiled the enjoyment of the outside crowd, who find as much attraction in "the fun of the fair," with its swings, merry-go-rounds, etc., as in the racing. It was an agreeable surprise to find the course in fairly good order.

The principal item on the programme was the Earl Spencer's Plate, a handicap which in the old time aroused very keen competition, and, indeed, its story, like that of the Northamptonshire Stakes, forms one of the most interesting chapters in the history of this old-fashioned meeting. There were nine runners this afternoon, and the speedy Milleray, whose head defeat at Lincoln by Goldrush may be attributed to her want of heart, headed the market from Briar Patch and the Rothschild candidate, Catgut. "Tens" were offered against Altunbrae repeating his last year's performance in the race, and similar prices were shouted against Nahlband, Arabi, and Livia. There seemed to be not a penny for Out of Sight.

Milleray Beats Catgut.

Every Turfite knows the speed of Catgut, and as soon as it became known that this natty little daughter of Laetantius had secured the inside berth in the draw for places at the post her supporters largely increased in numbers. Arabi caused much delay at the barrier, but, as frequently happens in such cases, he was quickest away when the signal was given. Briar Patch got badly off and had little or nothing to say with the practical issue. Catgut and Milleray soon had all the fighting to themselves. The fine speed of Milleray soon enabled her to outpace Catgut, and, always having the best of the game in the last quarter-mile, Milleray kept up the rate and scored by half a length. Four lengths further back came Arabi, while Nahlband was fourth. Catgut, the winner of six out of eight races last year, began her career at Northampton by running second in the Althorp Park Stakes to Irish Gal. Let us hope this afternoon's similar performance is no less happy a prelude to a successful season.

St. Galette, a bay daughter of St. Frusquin, and one of the Brocklesby Stakes failures, showed remarkable quickness when the barrier went up for the Althorp Park Stakes, but the value of the inside berth was seen when the colt by Ugly-Bramble Jelly soon headed her, and, bursting up the straight at a pace that left all opponents far behind, won in a canter by ten lengths. Ugly was in his time one of the fastest of sprinters, and it is evident the Bramble Jelly colt has inherited no small share of that quality. The display also calls attention to the misleading face-value of trials at training quarters, as this colt finished last in his gallop with a group of Marsh's horses. Angelico put up a penalty for his runaway win at Liverpool, and could not get near the leader.

Simenia's Easy Win.

It is seldom a chance horse, however distinguished, like Victor Wild, proves a success at the stud, but that popular hero has sired some useful stock. One of his progeny, Simenia, purchased as a yearling for 75 guineas, became a big order for the Wakefield Lawn Stakes, and profiting by the beat station at the barrier, led the Maglona colt and Sweet Sauce colt, but with that pair not very wide at the turn. The ground thus lost let up Montelimar, but Simenia had a lot in reserve, closing up at the distance got past the pair four lengths in front of his nearest attendant, the Maglona colt. Simenia was afterwards bought in for 100 guineas. A colt by Laveno—Sweet Sauce, as curiously marked as a circus horse, attracted great attention in the paddock in sporting a white mane and white flowing tail. He was tailed off in the race, but Mr. John Gubbins bought him subsequently for 15 guineas.

George McCall in Form.

Baton Rouge ran himself to a standstill in the Pytchley Welter, and in the last half-mile Gilbert Orme assumed the lead and gave George McCall, who is doing very well this season, a very comfortable winning mount. La Parisienne ran creditably, and should win a small race. The winner, now the property of the well-known steeplechase rider, Mr. G. Miller, was weeded out last year from Mr. Musker's stable.

After Lord Derby's colours were unexpectedly carried to victory on the colt by Florizel—Jolly Jenny, in the Apprentices' Plate, at Liverpool, on Saturday, the youngster was bought by Hallifax for Mr. F. C. Menzies for 170 guineas. He has quickly recovered the purchase money with a profit in now taking the Mile Plate from three opponents after an exciting race with the Santa Barbara filly, on whom Hare, jun., barely lost by a neck. The owner was retained in Hallifax's stable for 150 guineas. Ashtani Gold, most fancied of the trio in the Ascot Plate, could not at

any point fairly get on terms with Aralia, who won by half a length.

That once famous race, the Northamptonshire Stakes, will be decided to-morrow. It has fallen from its high estate, yet usually produces an interesting contest. Among the expected competitors are Jupiter Pluvius, Parody, Grand Deacon, Simonetti, Merry Andrew, and McDyardle. My vote must go to Jupiter Pluvius, of whose fitness and capacity we had proof in the Chaplin Plate at Lincoln.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

2. 0.—Rothschild Plate—RUSHOLME.
2. 30.—Catesby Handicap—AVERSON.
3. 0.—Northamptonshire Stakes—JUPITER PLUVIUS.
3. 30.—Kemelash Plate—KILLYWHAN.
4. 0.—Buccleuch Handicap—BIBURY.
4. 30.—Delape Welter—ARABI.

GREY FRIARS.

RACING RETURNS.

NORTHAMPTON.—WEDNESDAY.

2.0.—ALTHORP PARK STAKES of 5 sors each, with 150 sors added. Five furlongs.
Lotto v. Newerton's C by UGLY-BRAMBLE. H. Jones 1
Mr. L. de Rothschild's St. GALETTE, 8st 4lb 1b K. Cannon 1
Mr. H. Henning's F by LADAS—ALTUNBRAE. H. Jones 3
Mr. Ernest Dresden's Angelico, 9st 2lb Madde 0
Mr. A. Stedall's Sweet Clover, 8st 4lb J. H. Martin 0
Mr. R. W. Phillips' Swooper, 8st 4lb G. McCall 0
Betting—1 to 4 against Angelico, 3 to 1 Santonica, 4 to 1 Jelly colt and the Carmela fillies.

Bramble Jelly colt came on from Sweet Clover and Santonica with Angelico near second home, but in the race, when entering the straight, overhauled Bramble Jelly colt, increasing his advantage, made all the running and won by ten lengths; a length between second and third.

2.30.—WAKEFIELD LAWN STAKES of 5 sors each for starters, with 108 sors added, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

Mr. J. Bell's SIMENIA, by Victor Wild—Simonia, 7st 4lb Lane 1
Mr. C. Bell's C by RAMALPA—MAGLONA. Mrs. J. Bell 2
Sweet Sauce, G by SIB HUGO—ANGEL'S DANCE. 7st 13lb (275) Hunter 2

Mr. J. Hornsby's Santa Rosita, 8st 4lb (275). B. Lyman 0
(Winner trained by R. Marsh)

Betting—1 to 4 against Angelico, 3 to 1 Santonica, 4 to 1 Jelly colt and the Carmela fillies.

Bramble Jelly colt came on from Sweet Clover and Santonica with Angelico near second home, but in the race, when entering the straight, overhauled Bramble Jelly colt, increasing his advantage, made all the running and won by ten lengths; a length between second and third.

3.0.—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES of 400 sors each, with 108 sors added. Five furlongs.

Mr. J. Musker's Mc Yardley Gilbert 3
Mr. D. Wilson's Red Mantle Sadler 3
Mr. F. W. Phillips' Midwives Pickering 3
Mr. T. Pilkington's Ozone Thorpe 3
Mr. W. H. Stevens' Neyland Owner 3
Mr. H. W. D. Donisthorpe Sadler 3
Sir R. T. Hermon-Hodge's Lord Advocate (3lb) 3
Mr. J. Musker's Bessie Brown Chandler 3
Gilbert 3

ABOVE ARRIVED.

Mr. J. East's Petrosco W. Elsey 3
Mr. W. Walker's Freydan Walker 3
Mr. D. Wilson's Bonny Sadler 3
Mr. F. C. Burrough's Mr. Toots Cuthbertson 3
Capt. M. Hughes' Inventory Private 3
Mr. R. Howell's Bohemian Kelly 3

ABOVE ARRIVED.

Mr. C. H. Gibbons' Scotch Cherry W. Nightingale 3
Mr. B. Gottschalk's Emily Melton J. Cannon 3
Sir V. Vincent's Parody R. Day 3
Mr. J. H. Martin's Mrs. Andrew Owner 3
Mr. A. Stedall's Sweet Clover W. Nightingale 3
Mr. A. James' Queen's Plate (5lb ex. R. Marsh 3
Mr. R. Craig Mc Kersrow's Mrs. Pegotty Barratt 3
Mr. F. W. Phillips' Mrs. Peacock Watson 3
Mr. B. Wilde's Melville Owner 3

ABOVE ARRIVED.

Mr. C. H. Gibbons' Scotch Cherry W. Nightingale 4
Mr. B. Gottschalk's Emily Melton J. Cannon 4
Sir V. Vincent's Parody R. Day 4
Mr. J. H. Martin's Mrs. Andrew Owner 4
Mr. J. Rogers' Sister Sarah Owner 4
Mr. A. T. W. Henning's Mrs. Phocas Stapey 4
Mr. A. T. W. Henning's Mrs. Anglo Owner 4
Mr. A. Wag's Simonieta Watson 4
Mr. B. Wilde's Melville Owner 4

ABOVE ARRIVED.

Mr. J. East's Petrosco W. Elsey 4
Mr. J. Watson's f by Tenfel—Lucretia Borgia Owner 4
Mr. S. Pickering's Traitors Owner 4

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Mr. E. Clark's Flavus T. Leader 4
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MINSTRELS' LAMENT.

Seaside Prospects Not Bright for Nigger Troupes.

Those whose business it is to make other people laugh are generally melancholy men. But the nigger minstrels now going to the seaside are unusually doleful.

"We've had nothing but rain, rain, rain for years," said the leader of a summer seaside troupe, when asked about his prospects, "and business has been something awful. Now it looks as if we were going to have more rain, and if there was anything to do in town I'm dashed if I'd go, for it's doubtful if we shall make enough to clear expenses."

"But there is nothing to be done here—business is bad as it can be. Come on; tune up, Jack, now!"

For we're the jolly black boys.

"Precious jolly we shall be with a crowd of three kids, and half a dozen donkeys, and the rain washing the colour off. Blest if I feel up to cracking a solitary wheeze."

"No, I don't think there will be many of us going out this time, and I don't think those who go will do themselves much good. But if it should turn out fine there won't be much competition, and we shall have a bit of all right."

DERBYSHIRE CRICKET.

Presiding at the annual general meeting of the Derbyshire County Club, Derby, yesterday, Mr. Arthur Wilson alluded to the heavy loss on last season's workings, and made several suggestions with a view to increasing the revenue. It was understood that the Derby County Football Club were prepared to play a benefit match, and he also suggested a personal canvass throughout the county and the holding of concerts at various places.

Sir Peter Walker was re-elected president. Mr. Low was thanked for his services as captain.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

The entries for the Amateur Racquet Championships will close on April 19. The competitions will commence a week later at Queen's Club.

The entries for the Covered Courts Lawn Tennis Championships close on April 22. Play commences on April 23 at the Queen's Club.

The Newportshire Football Club will visit Winchester and Ryde, Isle of Wight, during Easter. Winchester will be met on Good Friday and Ryde on Easter Monday.

R. T. Godsell, the Light Blue, will be available for several of the Gloucester cricket matches, but S. A. P. Kitchener, J. Townsend, and R. W. Rice will play in a few fixtures.

F. E. Thomas, E. E. Barnett, W. H. Rowlands, and W. O. T. Jessop (brother of the "Idol") will assist Gloucester in the earlier cricket matches, but W. S. A. Brown is uncertain.

The prospects of the Gloucester cricket team, the "county of the Graces," are not very bright for the coming season. The weak point is the bowlers, and with the veteran Mohr laid low in health, this will still be further weakened in the earlier matches.

Mr. F. C. C. Uhl, of St. John's College, Oxford, will take a team of Oxford University men to Berlin on April 8 to play two matches against German universities. Mr. J. E. Raphael, the Oxford "Double Blue," will play in the English team.

An interesting professional golf match took place on the Haymarket links yesterday, between Bacon, who used the new Simplex golf clubs and Fulford, who played with an ordinary set of implements. Bacon was one down on the first round; but he squared at the third hole in the afternoon, and ultimately finished six holes up.

Yesterday afternoon's play in the billiard match of 15,000 up between Dawson and Stevenson at Manchester, Stevenson continued to have the best of matters. Starting with a lead of 1,286, he increased this advantage to 1,354 before the interval. Stevenson's best break were 101, 111, 103, and 98. Dawson was also in good form, his efforts including breaks of 215, 90, 78, 76, and 72.

THE CITY.

American Rails Move Upwards—War Bonds Dull—Kaffirs Firm.

With the Easter holidays so near, and consequently not very much investment business doing, the tendency of the markets yesterday must be described as entirely satisfactory. Perhaps this was the result of America showing greater strength and the Government Bonds appearing in the market again as a by-product of the Sinking Fund. Moreover, the traffic returns to the Sinking Fund. The market was dull, and to crown all, there was salt in the afternoon of a possible reduction of the Bank rate next week. In the circumstances, therefore, the markets absolutely disregarded the tightness of money reported from banking circles, which indeed was only incidental to the end of March.

The leading Government stocks were thus inclined to go better. Consols were put up, and the new Irish loan was 4 premium. People professed to care nothing for short-term borrowings ahead. That little trouble will come later.

It was satisfactory to see the Home Railway group pulling itself together. True, what small business there was was mostly of the speculative order, with a good deal of talk about forthcoming Easter traffic. But last week's traffic returns were by no means bad, and several of the lines, headed by the Great Western in the Midlands, are now putting up quite acceptable traffic figures for the year-to-date. The New Castle and Doncaster Preference stock was put up to 24 premium, and in fact there was an almost general levelling up of Home Railway prices.

Foreign and Colonial Rails.

The recent speculators for the fall are having a bad time. American rails: Unions were not, perhaps, quite so bad as evidence of a general decline, and the railroads were applying the strictest economies, and the Pacific, and the shortage of stock was of considerable assistance. Erie seemed to be getting over their disappointing monthly statement, and Steels over their poor dividend estimates, while Southern were also rather prominent. In the afternoon New York kept the pressure on, and so a market closed somewhere near the top. The fall in the Standard stocks was not so great.

Canadian Pacifics were not to be denied while Americans were going ahead, and joined in the upward movement, and at first Grand Trunks were inclined to follow suit. The market was not so good, however, and then the speculators thought themselves that the traffic return is due on Tuesday, and as the "hears" obligingly put out a story of a possible traffic increase, when the market was still rather flat, the result was that the falls following the melting of the snows a month ago were more probable, the market closed timid and rather flat.

The estimate will not be realized, said the dealers, which is a pretty good proof that it was not a real esti-

EASTER LILIES.

London Spends £20,000 on Flowers This Week.

South Lincolnshire sends London as many blooms as the Scilly Islands.

Last year, more than 10,000 cwt. of cut flowers—mostly narcissus—were dispatched from Spalding station alone. Indeed, for many seasons past, the railway company have granted the growers a flower rate; and at the height of the season—at Easter—were compelled to put on ten-ton specials.

Easter coming early this year, and the open-air bulb season, on account of the phenomenal rainfall, being about a fortnight to three weeks late, the growers have to depend upon their forcing houses.

Some years back, Dr. Arthur Stiles, of Spalding, forsook medicine and transferred his professional attentions to the growing of bulbs and flowers for the wholesale markets.

The houses shown on page 9 are the result of the doctor's diagnosis as to the special treatment required for the forcing of bulbs. Although the houses are not more than 100ft. long and 20ft. wide, each contains about 90,000 blooms; but some of the growers have houses containing three times the quantity. The particular narcissus is a variety known as the Poetic Ornatus (it has no popular name), and represents a second crop from a fresh lot of bulbs, it is understood.

POST OFFICE AND MARCONI.

Agreement for an Inland System of Wireless Wires.

At the meeting of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company yesterday afternoon Sir Charles Evans Smith, the chairman, announced that arrangements had been made with the Admiralty for the installation of the system on vessels of the Navy, and late on Tuesday afternoon an agreement of national importance had been concluded with the Post Office for an inland system of wireless telegraphy throughout the kingdom.

The details could not be made public at present, but the general heads of the agreement would clear away all possibility of divergence of opinion between the Post Office and the company.

The probability was that through this agreement a far larger field would be open to the operations of the system than could be anticipated twelve months ago.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,
"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"
2, Carmelite Street, London.

PASSOVER IN JEWRY.

Feasting and Good Fellowship in the East End.

The animation of Kohlmarkt Bottle Night has given place to Passover Eve. There is more leavened bread, and the matza cake, the kosher sirloin, the cinnamon ball, and the true olive, reign supreme.

Better still, all prime "middle pieces" are now fried in pure olive oil, and kosher rum and shrub may flow like rivers of milk and honey.

Down "the Lane"—Petticoat-lane of that ilk, otherwise Middlesex-street, Whitechapel—you are now a good fellow well met, if you are a Jew. So you are if you are a Christian, and have broken the Israelite's bread and partaken of his salt. For some days to come you may go into London's Ghetto and find it at its best.

To-day all Jewry is dressed in its best, and Rachel and Rebecca have a more alluring sparkle in their eyes. Passover has begun, and all things will be "kosher" (pure) until its end.

FREE TO ROAM AT WILL.

Famous Richmond Plantations Will Be Open to the Public.

Tired Londoners who seek a holiday on August 1 will then be able, through the gracious action of the King, to wander in Richmond Park over land preserved from the public for nearly three-quarters of a century.

"As yet I have had no orders to open the enclosures," said the head keeper yesterday, "but I think his Majesty's act follows naturally upon the death of the Duke of Cambridge. In his time we used to ride some game each year, but now there will be no one to shoot over the preserves, unless the King cares to repeat his early experiences. When he was scarcely eighteen he stayed with his tutor at White Lodge for six months, and had what was probably one of his first experiences with a gun."

One conclusion which had forced itself upon the head keeper was that it will be necessary to exterminate the rabbits at all events. "If we don't," he said, "there will be such a hunting as never was seen before next August Bank Holiday. No self-respecting small boy will arrive without a catapult, at least."

The rules of the society were not to blame for the method of election, which was strictly in accordance with the Friendly Societies Act, the framers of which, however, never contemplated a single society having 120,000 members in a single town.

There will never be another such great show of hands, as, in view of the general condemnation of this obsolete procedure then executive will apply to Parliament for the amendment of their Act.

NO FURTHER USE FOR THEM.

The Secretary for War, Mr. Arnold-Forster, has replied to a question put by Mr. Scott-Montagu as to why Major-Generals Gatacre, Thynne, and Trotter had been compulsorily retired, when they were entitled to serve until they had reached the age of sixty-two years.

Mr. Arnold-Forster said the officers had been retired under powers conferred on the Secretary for War, "there being no probability of an opportunity arising for their future employment."

THE KAISER'S HEALTH.

The disquieting reports published in Paris and other capitals regarding the Emperor William's health are emphatically contradicted in the best-informed quarters in Berlin. While at Vigo his Majesty was a little hoarse, but this is believed to have been due to a slight cold, and dispatches from Italy state that during his stay at Naples the Emperor was perfectly well, his voice being as full and clear as ever.—Reuter.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unless most of our contemporaries take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Stock Exchange after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

GOVERNMENT, &c., STOCKS.

Consols 2s. per cent. 86 1/2 India 21 p.c. 70 7/8 Do 5 p.c. 75 1/2 Do 10 p.c. 103 1/2

Tunisian Loan 96 1/2 Local Loans 3 p.c. 95 1/2 Rio de Janeiro 21 p.c. 65 1/2 London C. C. 3 p.c. 98 1/2

Rupee Paper 31 p.c. 65 1/2 NL War Loan 21 p.c. 90 1/2 Hudson Bay 27 1/2 Do 21/2

India 3 p.c. 94 1/2 NL War 21 p.c. 90 1/2 Lyons & Co. 62 1/2 Do Pref. 62 1/2

India 5 p.c. 94 1/2 Schaffhausen 13 1/2 Do 6/9 Russian Pet. 1/2 1/2

India 6 p.c. 94 1/2 Salomon Gluck's 45 4/3 Do 6/9 Do 6/9

India 7 p.c. 94 1/2 Schweppes Ord. 19 1/2 Do 6/9 Do 6/9

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all Advertisements

ived at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated" 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Duke Street, S.W., between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. to 10 a.m. on the following day, at the rate of 12 words each word afterwards. Advertisements by post, must be accompanied by Postal crossed BARCLAY & CO. stamp to be accepted.

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have their advertisements sent free of charge.

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box having been opened for that purpose, are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps and postage must be sent with the insertion.

EASTER HOLIDAY.—THE BOND OFFICE of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be CLOSED from 1 to 4, inclusive. The Carmelite Office will be open each day as follows:

SITUATIONS WANTED.
General Servant.
All disengaged; 20 excellent refs.; all work; £12. Fazelle-road, Wallasey.

General Servant.
Driver wants situation; certified; licensed; all repairs.—W.H. Gibson, care of Mrs. E. Watson, 64, Peter's Lane.